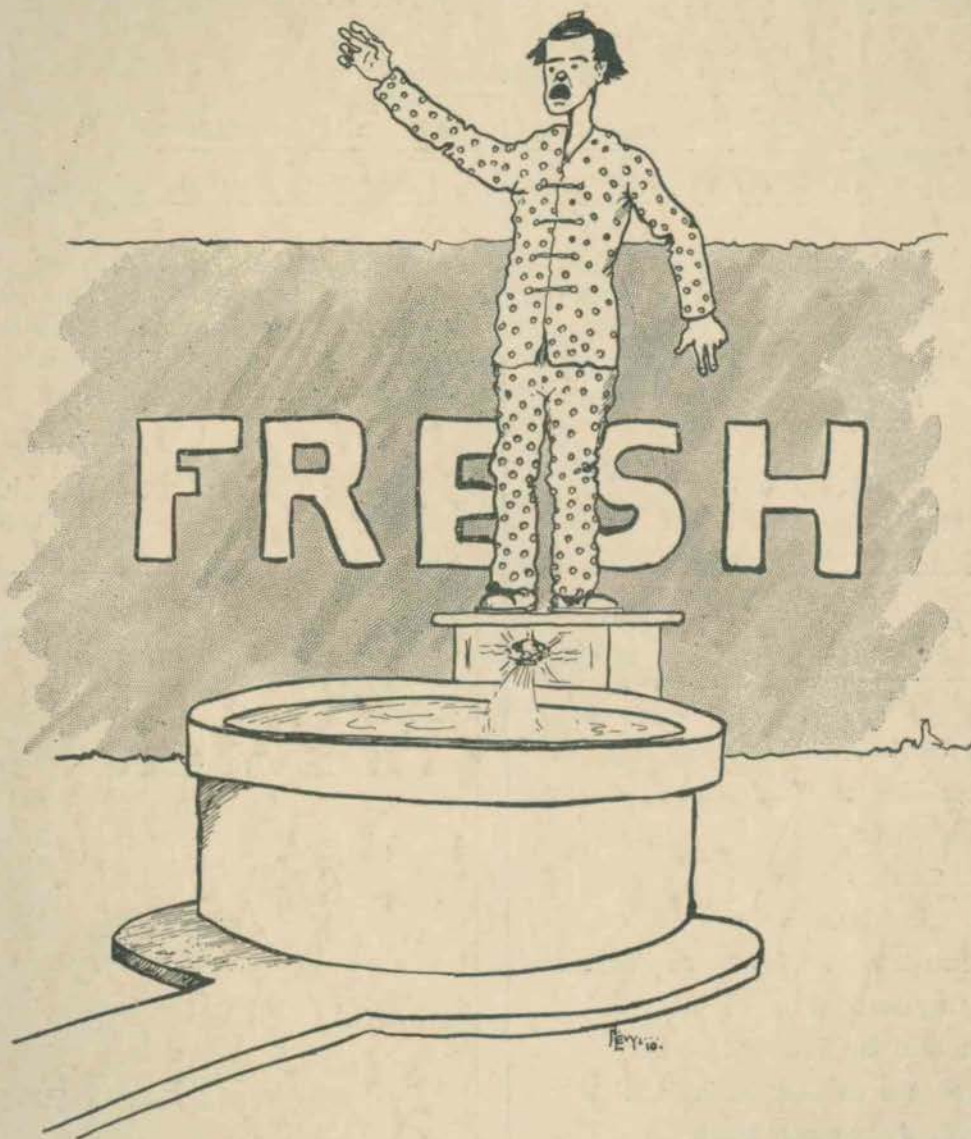


The Oread



Published by the Rutland High School, Rutland, Vt.
January, 1914

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The Oread

VOL. VIII. JANUARY, 1913. No. 1

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THE OREAD is published monthly during the school year by the students. Subscription price, 75 cents a year. Single copies, 10 cents.
Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office at Rutland, Vt., Dec. 13, 1910, under Act of March 3, 1879.

Editorials

Death, at its best, is hard for the human mind to become reconciled to; but when the grim reaper mows down one who is just on the threshold of a successful life and career, it is doubly difficult.
We are yet hardly able to comprehend that an unfortunate accident has cut short the life of one of our number, Fred S. Platt. After preparing for college in our High School, at Dartmouth he acquitted himself in such a manner as to be a credit to his Alma Mater, and to place himself in the esteem of all his college associates. He went into athletics with the same willing and eager spirit with which he undertook everything, and played on his Freshman football team. It was only an accidental breaking of his collarbone that prevented him from playing on the Varsity. He graduated, an honor man, with the class of 1913.
But he was destined to occupy an even greater place, in the roll of R. H. S. Alumni. Returning in the fall of 1913, he became the

first graduate coach in R. H. S. atheltics. Giving his time and experience ungrudgingly and without remuneration of any sort, he produced one of the best football teams which ever represented the High School on the gridiron.
Brave, manly and generous are the only words by which we may describe him. He won a place, which only a person of his stamp could, in the hearts of countless friends; and although his course in life was a short one, he traversed it faithfully, and left an impression in the hearts of his friends which will always be dear to his memory.
This is the Freshman issue. We will leave it to the judgment of the readers to determine whether it is up to par or not. We certainly didn't get as many freshman stories as we wished. The next is the Sophomore number and it's up to them to distinguish themselves. So, Sophomores, follow this good advice—"Get Busy."

The Two B. M.'s.

The train pulled into the small station of Gaston and almost before it had come to a standstill a stream of boys was pouring from the doors at each end of the car. Greetings were shouted at the top of those hearty young lungs. Suitcases were sent flying out the open windows and all was bustle and confusion.

"I reckon they'll have to build on an addition to their old dormitory if many more come out of that train," chuckled Pete, the station master.

One short good-natured fellow wriggled out one of the car windows and was greeted by shouts as he dropped to the platform.

"Hello, Short!"

"Well, Stub, old chap!"

"Happy New Year, Chub!"

Such salutations greeted the young student as he tried to make his way through the mob of boys pouring out on the platform.

Billy Martin was the life of Gaston Hall and everyone in the town knew him by reputation if not personally. He had been on the school athletic teams for three years past and now he was returning as were the other boys after the summer recess.

Hatless he stood on the platform with his hands thrust deep into his pockets except when engaged in the occupation of shaking hands and slapping some long-lost companion on the back.

"Has anyone seen my suitcase?" Billy finally managed to yell.

"Here's one with B. M. on it so it must be yours, Chub," said Chester Stone, "Here, I'll take it for you, come on." Chester grabbed Billy by one arm and picked up the suitcase in the other hand.

"Come on, we'll have to run for the stage, Chub," hurried Chester.

That night the boys assembled in the north room occupied by Billy and Elmer White. It was late when the boys retired after talking over their vacations and eating some of the

good things mothers and sisters had tucked away in the trunks.

"I'm so dead tired, El, that I can't unpack that other suitcase tonight," said Billy, as he wearily prepared for bed, "there isn't much in it but my good togs and I won't need them until the reception tomorrow night."

One of Billy's great characteristics was to let things go until another time and his motto was, "Put off anything you can until tomorrow." Therefore Billy's suitcase lay unopened under his bed until he came to his room the next night to dress for the reception which was given at the beginning of every year.

He had some trouble springing the lock, having had to resort to this as his search for the key proved unavailable. At last he dumped the contents on the bed. Hurriedly shaking out the dress suit, he spread it over the chair, suddenly discovering that it did not look like his own suit.

"Must have picked up Ben's," muttered Billy. Ben was the older brother.

Examining it closer, he discovered it was a much smaller suit than his.

"Hey, King!" he yelled to King Watkins as he hurried down the corridor.

"What's the matter, Chub?" asked King, coming in and sitting on the trunk at one side of Billy.

"Oh nothing only I've got some other fellow's dress suit," commented Billy calmly.

"Tough luck, old man, I'll skip down the line and see if I can get one for you."

While Billy was awaiting King's return he felt through the pockets of the suit of which he was a possessor.

Billy found no clue to the ownership until putting his hand in one pocket, he drew forth a picture of the young lady he was intending to take to the reception.

"The exact picture Polly gave me. Someone's changed suits on purpose," exclaimed Billy hotly.

"No use, Billy, I can't rake up one anywhere that will fit you," King told Billy a few

minutes later. "I've telephoned down to Gaston to a tailor's but he can't get it up here until eight o'clock and you've got to go over after Polly and bring her back."

"What fellow ever had the nerve to do this thing anyway, King!" Billy was in a hot temper by this time. "I'll just have to wait, that's all."

"Meanwhile, I'll telephone Polly that you can't get over there until eight-thirty, what do you say, Bill?" offered King, "Here comes El, perhaps he knows something about it."

"El, do you know who in thunder has changed dress suitcases with me?" demanded Billy as Elmer came in.

"No. How should I know who has your suit?" said El, "but there's a fellow over in the north wing that's having a fit because he's lost his suitcase, and his dress suit is in it."

"Perhaps he's changed suitcases with you, Chub," King said, "You better look over the other stuff before you go any further."

Billy was already rummaging among the things which he had turned on the bed.

"These things are not mine. He must have taken my suitcase."

"He claims someone has his suitcase," giggled Elmer.

"Someone take this truck and I'll go and claim my paraphernalia," yelled Billy, racing out the door and down the corridor. "Where did you say he was?"

"North wing, twenty-four," yelled back El.

"My dress suitcase, man, where is it?" exploded Billy as he threw open the door of number twenty-four.

A short black-haired fellow sat on the table holding Polly's picture in one hand and his dress suit in the other.

"That's my picture and my suit!" exclaimed Billy, snatching the articles.

"Well, let's explain," said the other slowly.

"Why, one of the boys picked up the suitcase with my initials on it and I supposed of course it was mine," explained Billy hastily.

"And what are your initials?" inquired the other.

"B. M.," answered Billy.

"Well, so are mine," said the boy on the table calmly.

"And what is your name?" from Billy.

"Baldwin Martin, but they call me 'Billy'," answered the black-haired youth.

"We'll so is mine and they call be 'Billy.'" Billy was puzzled. "I was named after my dad."

"I was named after my uncle. Dad and he had some trouble when they were young and Dad has always been sorry so he named me after his brother."

Billy had an idea, "You must be Uncle Dan's boy. Dad told me about the quarrel but he didn't tell me about you."

"Well, you see they haven't seen each other for about twenty years," black-haired Billy explained.

"You must be my cousin," said our first Billy, "I'll see you again but I guess I'll take my suit case and picture."

"That's my picture Polly gave me," said black-haired Billy indignantly.

"Well, there's one over in my room that Polly gave me so I guess we're square."

The two Billys became great friends. When Christmas time came Billy invited his cousin to spend Christmas with him, writing his father he was going to bring one of the boys home Christmas.

The night the boys reached Billy's home a telegram was handed to Daniel Martin of Chicago, reading thus:

"My boy has brought your son home to spend Christmas. You are invited to spend it with us. Let us forget the old trouble.

Baldwin Martin, Sr."

Daniel Martin accepted.

R. W., '17

Will someone please provide Miss La Ven—with a mirror which is large enough to contain her *petit visage*.

Rheocus

Many years ago in the country of Greece a youth named Rheocus was wandering through the woods when he saw a tree bending over ready to fall. He stopped and propped it up and went on as before. Suddenly he heard a low sweet voice call, "Rheocus." He thought it was the rustling of the leaves and started on but again it called, "Rheocus." He turned and there he saw the form of a woman. She said, "You have saved my life and I will grant any wish you desire." He asked her love. She said, "I give it but it is a perilous gift. Meet me here an hour before sunset."

Rheocus then went to the city. His heart beat fast with gladness. He hurried through the city gates and meeting some friends joined them in a game of dice. All his thoughts were given to the game and he became very much interested in it.

Suddenly a bee flew in through the open window. It hummed through the room and buzzed around his ear. He hit it three times and the third time bruised its wings. The bee then flew out the window.

Rheocus looking after it saw the setting sun in the west.

He rushed out of the room, through the city gates into the forests, but he saw nothing but the oak tree. Suddenly he heard the same sweet voice say, "Rheocus, nevermore will you behold me. You have bruised my humble messenger's wings. We dryads want undivided love." Rheocus begged for forgiveness. She said, "I can forgive but you must suffer the penalty of your wrong-doing."

His heart was filled with sorrow for he knew his golden opportunity had come and gone and he had not grasped it. Rheocus was left alone in the world for ever after.

M. A. M., '17

If you wish an easy time attend Miss Wilk—'s school. She will plan to give you plenty of "Rest Periods." Encouraging, isn't it?

The Wooden Cross

Frau von Linden lived in a beautiful country seat, where she felt very lonely, since her husband and her children were dead. Her relatives did not love her because they were very selfish. The good woman herself was not selfish. From morning till evening she thought only of how she could help the poor and sick and how she could do good.

One day she had to go to the city and when her business was finished, she went to the cathedral in order that she might see the statues and pictures and rest herself in the cool, dark, holy place. The great church was at this hour quite empty and still, and after she had prayed devoutly Frau von Linden went around and admired the pictures and statues.

She admired the large pillars, looked up into the dome, remained standing a long time before the beautiful holy pictures and came finally to the last chapel where only a very small light burned. It was so dark in this chapel that Frau von Linden thought she was quite alone until she heard a suppressed sobbing.

"Who is there?" she cried, astonished. The sobbing ceased for a moment and a soft pitiful voice answered shyly, "It is I."

Frau von Linden, who knew at once that the voice was that of a child, said kindly, "Come here, my child, and tell me why you sob."

A little maiden now stepped out of the dark. She was about eight years old and although somewhat poorly, still, very cleanly dressed.

"Now, little one," said the good woman, taking the child by the hand, "tell me why you are alone here and why you weep so pitifully. What can be the matter with you?"

"Oh," said the child, "I weep because father and mother are both dead and my relatives are so poor and have such large families that they cannot adopt me. Tomorrow I must leave the house where I lived so happily with my parents, for I have no money with which to pay the rent."

"Have you no friends at all?" asked the lady astonished.

"Yes, the good priest is my friend, he gave me something to eat today and then sent me here to pray to God for help. He has said that God always hears the prayers of an orphan child and that He surely will help me."

The good lady said with emotion, "The good priest was right, my child. Come show me where he lives. I wish to speak to him."

The lady took the child by the hand and went with her to the priest's house. He received them very kindly, and told her that the maiden was the child of honest people and that she was left very poor and alone.

"Now," replied the lady, "since the child is without friends and means, I will adopt her. She will live with me in my country seat. I will send her to school; she will learn all things that a young girl should know, and for that reason she will be a good wife and mother or can earn her own bread."

The good lady took the orphaned child and kept her word. The young girl went diligently to school and when she became older, learned everything that a good housewife should know.

The years went quickly by and when she was twenty years old, her benefactress died. Sophie, for that was the girl's name, cared for her tenderly till her death, and before the lady died, she said, "Sophie, you have been a good girl and I am glad that you are going to marry Hans, the gardener. He is a good honest man, and you will be a happy woman."

When at last the lady passed away, she held in her hand a little wooden cross which had always hung over her bed and which she liked very much.

After the burial, the relatives came and the lawyer took the will of the good woman and read it out loud to them. The lady had left to the orphan the sum of three thousand thalers and said also in her will: "Sophie is as dear to me as if she were my own daughter. For that reason she shall have besides the sum of three thousand thalers which I leave her, something as a remembrance. She can choose among all my possessions what she likes best of all."

The heirs were very angry when they heard this. Already the sum of money seemed too much to them. They feared that the orphan would choose something very costly. But although the cook and other servants advised her to choose the diamonds or pearls of the dead woman, the orphan said, "No, I will not do that. The lady has already given me too much. I must not rob the heirs. The small remembrance which my benefactress loved and which I saw in her hands last, is much dearer to me than any thing so costly."

"See," she continued, "I like this wooden cross best of all for she held it when she died."

The heirs were glad when the girl chose the little wooden cross, and since they all feared that she would regret her choice, they brought a paper and made her write, "As a remembrance of my benefactress I have chosen this wooden cross. It is mine and I will never claim any other thing." Sophie had to sign this paper, and she did it willingly, for she was pleased with the cross and wished nothing more.

A short time after, she married the young gardener. All went well with them until one day he fell from a tree. He was badly injured by this fall and when he was able to get up again, after a long illness, he had the use of only one arm and could work no more in the garden.

The long illness had used up all of Sophie's earnings and now they thought of means and ways by which to earn their bread. Finally he said to his wife: "You see, my dear wife, that I will never be able to work in the garden again, but I could look after a little business. There is no shop in the village. If we could use the money which the good woman left you in her will, it would be easy to rent a small house in the village, to buy wares, and I could earn our bread as a shopkeeper."

This plan seemed very good to his wife and she went immediately to the lawyer, who had charge of her money. But the lawyer told her that the good woman in her will had appointed that the money was to be given to her only when she became twenty-five years old.

When Sophie heard this she was very sad and went slowly home, where she told her husband all. After thinking a long time he said at last, "Now in the meanwhile we cannot starve. Perhaps we could borrow the needed sum, and pay it back next year when you get your money."

The woman was pleased with this plan and soon she found a rich neighbor who was willing to lend her the money and she promised to pay back the capital with interest the next year.

Now all went well until they heard that the lawyer had suddenly disappeared and that he had taken the money intrusted to him with him. He had gone so secretly that no one was able to find him and soon it became known to all that he had been a sly swindler and that he had stolen the money of many people.

Soon the bad news reached the little shop where Sophie and her husband had taken so much care to keep all in the best order to earn their bread in an honest way.

When the news reached the ears of the man who had lent them the money, he came at once to the little store and said to Sophie that if she did not pay back the money to him at once he would take possession of the house and wares in order to atone.

When he had gone the couple looked sadly at one another. "Dear wife, what are we going to do now?" cried her husband in despair. "We cannot pay back the borrowed money so quickly. Our neighbor will not wait and we will have to move out of the house with our three small children. We will all starve for I can work no more. I am not strong enough, and with only one arm, I am as good as helpless. The dear God has surely forgotten us."

"Ah! dear husband, that cannot be. He forgets his children no more than we forget ours. We will pray to Him. Perhaps He will show us a way by which we may earn our bread honestly."

The wife now took the little wooden cross, the remembrance of her benefactress, kissed it, and said, "Oh how sad the good woman would be if she knew how unhappy I am."

Then she let the little cross fall on the floor, fell on her knees and prayed earnestly.

Her heart was soon lighter and when she stood up, she saw the cross lying on the floor and lifted it up carefully. A piece of the wood had broken off in falling. When she tried to mend the cross she saw for the first time that it was hollow and could be opened.

Upon opening it she cried out in joyful surprise for inside of the cross was a beautiful diamond cross. Quickly she carried it to her husband, who was also very much astonished. When she asked a lawyer if she could keep the jewel he said, "Certainly, good woman, the diamond belongs to you."

The heirs were very angry when they heard that Sophie had found diamonds in the wooden cross, but they could make no protest for they themselves had had the paper written which stated that the cross belonged to Sophie.

Sophie now sold the beautiful diamonds and received enough to pay all her debts. The business became better each year and the family suffered no more want. As long as she lived Sophie told her children and grandchildren the story of the wooden cross and always added:

"If one only bears his burdens and trusts the good Lord, one need fear nothing for He will make all bright though all seems very dark."

Translated from German by M. A. B.

Football

For the benefit of the football eleven of 1914, which will consist of much "green stock," I am, by the request of the 1913 captain, writing a short outline on "The Game of Football."

While donning the defensive outfit, make positive that you are well padded over all parts of the body, with the exception of the knees, which should be left as much uncovered as possible. These suggestions are important, as you will see later on in this book.

When lined up to receive the ball, get in the position you think best, so as to spoil the other fellow's catch, if it should come that way. But

do not act as your captain or coach tells you; use your own head, that's what it is for. If you should accidentally catch the ball do not move too quickly, that is, to start running immediately. It is always best to stop and think a few minutes about your situation. If you see that you are surrounded, it is advisable to put the compressed air gently on the ground and sit on it. This will rest you for the line work.

When the enemy, after lining up, begins the attack, it is a wise plan to smash your opponent as hard as you can with your fist, foot, elbow or unpadded knee, in some vital spot which will result in that fellow's vacating the game. If the referee observes the "accident," stand up for your rights by saying that it couldn't possibly be helped. Keep up this attack for a half-hour or so, and you have your foe frightened into sure defeat.

In tackling the man carrying the skin-of-a-pig, one must use his oval also. Do not make a low swift dive into him; this is only foolishness. But instead, catch your man around the waist or neck, either will do, and carry or drag him toward his goal. If he is quite heavy, stop at about 300 yards, push him in the face so that he will not know what has happened and then sit on him, as you did on the ball in a past chapter. If you can carry him with ease rush him behind the goal, knock him out as above, take the ball away from his limp arms, and then fall on it. This must be repeated until you have eventually run your score up into the hundreds; the adverse, of course, is still 0.

Keep these proposals in perpetual use, F. B. players of '14, and you can easily conquer this section of the country.

"SKIMY," '14.

G. L.'s hat looked like a dead cat after that sleigh ride. His poor dog Joe nearly choked.

"Greaser" E., while trying to get a queen of the eighth grade to go on a sleigh ride with him, was heard to say: "Aw, come on and go, I'll give you my signet ring if you do."

And did she go, "Greaser"?

Freshman Ravings

Oh, if teachers only knew
The trouble we have to bear,
A-gettin' lessons all the time;
We're tired, I do declare.
And such lessons they do give us,
'Twould hurt a giant's brains,
But we do have just one comfort,
One session when it rains.

A. M. W., '17.

To put your feet in your neighbor's lap,
It is but fun!
To hear your classmate snore in his nap,
It is but fun!
To be placed in front in the teacher's chair,
It is but fun!
To fall down the slippery wide front stair,
It is but fun!
These are the things that make life hum,
And put your cares all on the bum;
For after all it is but fun!

H. C., '17

What and Where Among the Alumni

Miss Gail Proctor, '10, has returned to Washington after spending the holidays with her parents.

Miss Dorothy Temple, '10, recently visited Miss Marion Hosley of Warren, Mass.

Miss Christine Bigelow, '09, Miss Dorothy Bigelow, '11, Whitcomb Fairfield, '09 and Miss Irene Adams, '13, have returned to Oberlin.

Miss Jessie Arnold, '10, of New York, visited in Rutland recently.

Misses Mildred Vincent, Constance Dana, and Mildred Egelston, Miss Frances Dunn, '12 Miss Irene Copps, '11, and Miss Doris Tuttle, '13, have returned to Smith after the holidays.

Robert Boynton, Ralph Carpenter, Ned Foyles, Allen Locke and Leon Dutton, '13, have returned to Dartmouth.

Pauline Ducharme, '02, and Eugene Reed, a Whitehall merchant, were married January 5, 1914.

Robert Anthony, '12, who has been seriously ill with pneumonia at Norwich, is now at home and is improving rapidly.

Miss Maude White, '10 and R. C. Minott of Phoenixville, Pa., were married December 30, 1913. Mr Minott is at the head of the commercial department of the Phoenixville High School, and a former teacher in the Rutland Business College.

A daughter, Charlotte Frances, has been born to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Smith, of Deer Lodge, Mont. Mrs. Smith was formerly Sarah Hoag, '01.

Marion Thomas, '13, has entered the Massachusetts State Hospital at Boston, as a nurse.

Locals

Fish, the critic in M. and M. History.

Miss S. in Chem.: "Miner, when did you make sulphur?"

"Rummy" N.: "Next week, Tuesday."

"Nippy" J. in French, translating: "You have slept."

Miss S. in Chem.: "Norton, do you know anything about marble?"

"Rum" N.: "Why, yes, I guess I know what it is."

Cal-i translating in French: "Il le prit, pâlit trembla. He took a pail and trembled."

Dil-ien translating German: "The musty (dusty) streets."

If you'd like to hear all species of menagerie clamors visit Room A, 3rd period.

In counting the votes for F. B. captain there were found six for Welch, six for Homer, and one for the "Big Swede." "Olaf" got it.

By a large majority the social hour was voted to be held the 3rd period in the morning. Refreshments served.

"Jinx" M. in M. and M. History: "Did them tribes come from Africa?"

No, Jinx, them came from Greenland.

Miss P. in M. and M. History: "Sch——, do you know anything about fish (Fish)?"

Nor—— in Chem.: "And then we got a solid gas."

Don't you know nothin' about this stuff, Tom?

Mr. T. in A English: "Wing, punch him a good one." And all eyes were turned upon poor snoring Cal-i.

Wonder who C. H Sm—— was thinking of when she strolled in the wrong door while coming down from assembly?

In A English:—

Nor——: "'Tis a ruff nite."

Cal——: "What d'ya mean?"

Ask "Mike" M. if he desires a pair of glasses in English.

Miss P. in M. and M. History: "Fish, where did Ethelred get his money?"

Fish, the M. and M. star: "He borrowed it from his brother on the installment plan."

Miss P.: "Don't try to make History, Fish." You ain't studied *law* enuf yet to do that, boy.

It beamed on his head,
And tinted it red—

Who? Wing! What? Why! Sunshine.

"Nip" Jones, translating French: "And then, I married myself."

You can't do that, "Nippy."

R. Nor—— claims that there is blue litmus in the air.

Why don't you *study* your chemistry, "Rummy?"

"Hump" G., official chem. text-corrector. He thinks he's *there*, too, don't you, "Hump"?

Cal——i in Chem.: "Could plants live without nitrogen? We couldn't."

"Rum." N.: "You ain't a plant, Calvi."

No, nor you ain't neither, Mr. N.

In Chem.: "They have never tested a human being in pure oxygen."

"Mike" M.: "Guess I'll try it on Gilbert."

Ask "Tidy" Mc. what he lost and how he lost it behind the steam pipes.

Miraculous Escape!

"Funny" J. jumps just in time when "gunpowder" explodes in spasmodic manner in lab.

"Funny" says it works on the installment plan.

The New Year Resolutions.

"Jinx" M. an Cal-i: Not to sleep during recitations.

"Nip" J.: To leave machines be.

F. W.: The same.

"Tidy" Mc.: To listen, at least, in Chem.

"Mike" M.: To get that albrega.

W. Sm——: To learn French.

"Bunam" Gay—— and "Turk" Sull——: To practice French and study Typewriting.

"Rabbie" M.: To cut graft at the R. E. N.

The Mysterious Trio: To stay in nights.

Sleepy A. Smith: To wake up and chase locals.

"Jerry" Ald—: T cut "ragin' "

"Olaf" Hom—: To get them French sentences.

News

Washington's birthday comes on the 17th this year.

A serious strike was narrowly averted.

"Nip" J., S. M., G. L., and F. W., are going to Montpelier.

"Mike" M. likes his new o'coat.

"Tidy" Mc. is going to drop French. Perhaps.

Important! The A class is going to Washington this year.

"Cell" P. was tired on the P. M. of Jan. 12.

"Red" W. is getting so he can tie a bow now—lopsided.

"Tidy" Mc. lost his stencil, but found it again.

"Fat" M—ce lost his fountain pen, full of ink.

"Funny" J. needs a haircut.

"Jinx" of late has not taken his daily nap during recitation.

"Greaser" E. and "Fat" M. have some new "weeds."

"Dot" S., '14 (Virgil), giving parts of amplector, to embrace: "Amplector, amplect,—I haven't studied it."

"Funny" J.'s got a clean collar on.

G. E. says: "How about my moving pictures the third period?"

Miss P. in American History: "Now, Jones, I want you to sober up."
Looks bad for you, Jonesy.

Ask Scimiditt what he got for Christmas.

Does K. K., '14, like bow ties? Just ask her!

Miss S. in Chem.: "Wing, what form is it in?"

The Chem. shark: "Barium oxide."

"Rum" N. again: "Alas, poor country!"
Almost afraid to show (know) itself?

Miss S. in Chem.: "What is plastic sulphur?"
N—ton in undertone: "Sulphur covered with plaster."

In Chem.: "What is sulphur used for?"
"Tidy" Mc.: "For sore throats."

"Funny" J. in Chem.: "I don't know why the equation doesn't balance."

The undertone as usual: "Your brain ain't balanced, 'Funny.'"

"Hey, George F—sh, where'd you get that sweater?"

F—sh: "Well, it's paid for."
He looks like a salmon now.

In Chem.: "What is sodium carbonate used for?"

"Tidy" Mc., Chem *: "Gunpowder."

T. Nor—: in Chem: "My gas won't burn."
Chorus from stars: "What do y'a mean, your gas won't burn?"

T. Nor—: "O, I see, some one tied a knot in my pipe."

"Red" W. in Chem.: "Ain't this funny, it will boil way up to the top and then it won't run over."

Miss M. in French: "Read, Calvi, you have lots of courage."

Whereabouts, boy?

"Tidy" Mc. in English: "Upon the hearth (heath)."

R. Mur— in A English: "That you are aussi (so)."

You're not in French now, Rab.

Miss P. in M. & M. History: "What was peculiar about Mary's reign?"

"Jinx" M.: "She was only married once."

In M. and M. History: "Where did the Swiss reformation begin?"

"Jinx" again: "In Switzerland."

No, "Jinx," in Africa.

And "Dingbat" sent a quarter pound box to Windsor, a half pound to Middlebury, and one pound to Burlington.

Why not all pounds, "Dingbat"?

"Slopsy" C.: "No girl ever made a fool out of me."

Morris—, '17: "Who did, then?"

Fish in M. and M. History: "Well, I don't understand the—the—, well, I don't understand it at all."

Never did, did you, George?

Orange is in Africa.

No! Well, Mace says so.

They grow there anyway.

At the "movies."—Ye local editor: "How'd you get in?"

"Nippy": "I walked in backwards and the ticket man thought I was going out."

Visit Abe-ra-ham's and get the biggest chocolate milk served over any bar.—Adv.

"Turk" Sullivan: "That thine own trip shall be thine overboard!"

Wing is raving over Sunshine. Give him air, poor fellow, he needs more—Sunshine.

Miss Button, giving lecture on England to her "A" students: "It was at the door of this theatre that Miss Meldon and I were taken for English Suffragettes." A case of mistaken identity.

W. Smith (in French): Cours means corsets."
Rather tight eh?

Pel—ue (in Chem.): "An atom is just one atom."

Who says that boy isn't quick at figures?

R. Bean—e (in French): L'—l—l—"

Miss M.: "Oh—that's Irish."

R. M.: "Hey, Funny, I shot a dog this morning"

Funny: "Was he mad?"

R. M.: "Well, he wasn't very much pleased."

Visit Eaton's camp while over the "Notch."
—Adv.

Miss S. in Chem.: "Norton, what is an aspirator?"

"Rummy" N.: "One who aspires."

Johnson, poor fellow, is gone so far that he can't read his name in print. It is "funny."
Yep, he is back from St. Albans.

Miss Purdon.: "Thomas, name two great men who were boys together."

R. B. T.: "The Siamese twins."

"Tidy" Mc. is trying to make a hit with Miss Co. Noticed it?

Miss S. in Chem.: "what is a nitride?"

P. Pel—: "A joy ride."

Ask G. P. if it's customary for women to marry men. Guess he thinks it isn't.

Miss P. in El. Science: "Water will reach the height of 32 feet at atmospheric pressure. How would you get around it to raise it higher?"

Tod—f, '17: "What d'ya yo mean, get around it?"

Where did this Freshy lose his girl? Who "copped" her?

Don't cha know? If not ask "Sam" S— for details.

Miss P. in Science: "Name the thermometers and their inventors."

Ed—, '17: "Fahrenheit and Centigrade."

Miss P.: "Fahrenheit and Centigrade!"

Freshies are gettin' a little on them Chem students.

The T. T. Class Again

Miss Keiley has returned to the class after two months' illness.

Who is the ink thief? Be honest about it and confess at once. Don't accuse the air.

Why is G. He— so happy? Ask any member of the T. T. Class and you will receive full information. The tormenter has left us.

If Wilson was sick would Katherine Dye? If Oak is hard wood, what is Sher-wood?

Miss Elsie Green: "The Great Physical Director." If Miss Sherwood lost, would Miss Baldwin?

Who did it? Ask Miss White about the 50c. candy. For information concerning music lessons ask Miss Nor— of the D Class.

G. Schryer: "Training Class Nurse." Specialist for hard-heartedness. Ask Miss Buck— if she enjoys being night telegraph operator.

Miss Healy: "Who follows Miss Wilkins." Wonder why Miss P. thought that it wouldn't make any difference to some people whether we have two sessions on Friday or not. Cooky, of course. Why ask?

Beware! If you should ever happen to be in the service of Mrs. F. Baird Hammond, as coachman, do not remain out-of-doors and freeze while your mistress is attending the theatre. Purdy (on the sleigh ride): "Well, if there's anything I detest, it's rain." Editor's note—"Hum!"

We are looking for someone to give a lecture on "Temperance." One member of the class has taken to drinking—(T). G. L. thinks that the wheelbarrow is the coming method of locomotion.

Miss Healy explaining a problem: Thus, $9 \times 15c. = 90c.$ Motto of the Virgil class: "Hoc non feci." Motto of the Caesar class: "Semper hodie perficere noli, quod at posterum diem ponere possis."

In Memoriam Miss M. in French IV: "Jones, est-ce qu'une rose peut parler?" Inasmuch as our dear friend and classmate has left us for another world, the world of matrimony, we, the members of the "Teachers" Training Class wish to set up this monument, in memoriam of Miss Freda Baird, who left the ranks of the future teachers and was married. Jones, thinking he's there as usual, "Oui, une rose peut parler." M. F. M. Well, we have seen some Roses that could speak, and rather fast at that.

Have you heard about him—"Mike" M., the lion tamer? Some people think that the janitor should be roasted for not having the building warm that cold day. Not we! He deserves a vote of thanks. Didn't we get the afternoon off?

Ask Miss Bai— of the C Class how she liked shopping on Christmas Eve. For full particulars of "Fireman's Convention" ask Miss Rhi—.

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Joy's Note

Hurrah! Hurrah! He's awake at last. Who? What? That L. Asst. And he's really handed in two or three locals.

Gloom's Note

Our sympathy is with "Red" W. who, today P. M., Jan. 12, 1914, took a *crushing* downfall in Chemistry. Inquire of "Red" and get the particulars.

HURRAH FOR THE "MID-YEARS"!

Exchanges

The main purpose of our exchange of papers is to keep in touch with the doings of other high schools and academies in the United States and to try to maintain their standard. It is also to receive and to give friendly criticisms which are intended to benefit the editorial boards.

We can see, perhaps, that the Exchange Department of the Oread might aid other schools, but how are we to profit by it? The Exchanges are read by the exchange editor and then thrown aside. One may ask, "Why not let all the scholars have a chance to read them and then perhaps they would be able to give suggestions to help the paper?" When are they going to read them? Where are they going to be placed? The teachers object to their being left in the various rooms as the pupils read them when they ought to be studying. As we have no school library, a fact we deeply regret, there must be some way provided or the Exchange Department of the Oread is not of any real value, but is an additional expense.

What do the other schools which have Exchange Departments do to make them aid their papers? We will receive most heartily any suggestions that they can give us to make ours beneficial to the Oread.

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VOL. VIII.

MARCH, 1914.

No. 3

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THE OREAD is published monthly during the school year by the students. Subscription price, 75 cents a year. Single copies, 10 cents.

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office at Rutland, Vt., Dec. 13, 1910, under Act of March 3, 1879.



Editorials



For the past year and a half the custom of holding our school dances in the Assembly Hall has been departed from, and they have been held in the small Shrine Hall. This has been because of the dissatisfaction with the early hours at which we were compelled to stop dancing, and with the censorship of the dances.

Soon after the beginning of the present term our principal put the matter before the senior class. When asked under what conditions they would decide to hold the remainder of their dances in the Assembly Hall, several of them, in a straightforward way, said they wanted to dance later hours and to dance the modern dances. He willingly agreed to these conditions, and it was decided to give the plan a test.

Accordingly the Junior Hop was given at the school February 20, and an order of twenty-two figures was danced. Several of the mothers, at their own expense, served refreshments and it is certain that on the whole no more enjoyable time could have been desired.

There are several reasons why this is the best

course to follow. First, the profits are much larger; and next, when the school is good enough to furnish us with so fine a place as the Assembly Hall—and there is not a better one for dancing, in the city—we should at least show our appreciation by using it, instead of some other. Then, it is certain to be more gratifying to our parents to have someone with proper authority in charge.

We hope that the succeeding classes will never have occasion to depart from what should always be, and we hope will be, an established custom in R. H. S.

This is the Junior Number of the OREAD and it certainly has a little something on the others. They've shown the most enthusiasm thus far and the Seniors will have to go some to excell them. The next issue, which is theirs, will be the last one issued under the present Board of Editors, and we would like to make it our best.

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The New Boarder

I.

"Oh, Nan," cried Betty, as they met on the stairs of Mrs. Arliss's boarding house in Boston, on the way to the dining-room for dinner, "Have you seen him?"

"Seen who?" queried Nan.

"Why, our new boarder, of course."

"Oh, how could I be so stupid as to forget our new addition to the family. I only caught a fleeting glimpse of him, as he was passing out the front door this morning. But come on down-stairs, I'm hungry."

Nancy Allyn and Elizabeth Joyce descended into the dining-room where to their joy they found a small table just right for two. They began at once to talk over the new boarder.

"I heard from Carolyn Wayne," continued Betty, "that he is working as private secretary for Lawyer Fuller. You know who he is, that little man who is always hopping around the room when he gets nervous; at least, that is what I've always heard about him, I never saw him."

"I thought Carolyn had been telling you, when you looked so newsy," replied Nan, nibbling at a piece of celery, "She always knows everything a week before anyone else does. She's a funny girl, isn't she? I can't say whether I like her or not. You can't be close friends with her, she's too flighty."

"I know it. She is pretty dashy," said Betty, and then added thoughtfully, "You wait and see how she'll chase after Mr.—what's his name?"

"Oh—er—Mr. Duncan," replied Nan. "As usual, Carolyn was the one who told me."

Here, the meal being finished, the two girls went up to their rooms, which were side by side, to get ready to go to the theatre.

Both girls had come from a small town some twenty miles out from Boston. After graduating from college, they had come here, Nan teaching school and Betty, who had grad-

uated from a conservatory of music, getting together a class of pupils.

Fred Duncan's work kept him late that night for dinner and it was not until eight o'clock that he went up to his room to finish unpacking his trunk. He had arrived at this boarding house the previous morning and because a new boarder had not been at Mrs. Arliss's for over a year, he had at once created much excitement, not unmingled with admiration, for his large stature and fine features. It was no wonder the girls talked so much about him, especially when the male portion of the family consisted only of a bachelor of about forty, so fat and sleepy that he always went at a snail's pace. The landlady's father, an old gentleman who meant well, but who was an awful bore at conversation, really didn't count.

When Mr. Duncan had finished his work in his room, he decided to go down to the parlor to see if any of the gentlemen boarders were there. When he reached there, however, he saw that the only occupant was one of the girls he had caught sight of that morning. She was of medium height with very black hair and eyes and a face which, though it had clear features, could not be called attractive. Her dress was very loud as was also her voice and manner. He tried to retreat but she, being too quick for him, stopped him.

"Oh, Mr. Duncan," she said, "I am so glad you came down here, come on in and sit down. I heard who you were from Mr. Poore, one of our boarders. My name is Carolyn Wayne."

Seeing no other way, Mr. Duncan was obliged to accept her invitation, and listen to her chatter. He had twice tried to excuse himself from her company, but she prevailed on him to stay. It was not until the third time, about eleven o'clock, that he won, but even then she kept him standing at the door about fifteen minutes. There seemed to be no end to her talking, and just as he was wondering whether he would bolt up the stairs or gag her, he saw Betty and Nan coming in from the play. Taking time to speak to Carolyn and casting rather

curious glances at the stranger, they ascended to their rooms, but not until that stranger had cast a glance of genuine admiration towards them, especially Betty, whose light fluffy brown hair and eyes and pretty face had attracted many a person's attention before.

Mr. Duncan turned to Carolyn and said enthusiastically, "Gee, but aren't those pretty girls, who are they?"

"Oh," replied Carolyn, with rather a sneering laugh, "the one with the dark hair is Nan Allyn, an old maid school ma'am. The other is Betty Joyce, trying to scrape up a living giving music lessons." Mr. Duncan turned on her such a glance of scorn as would wither anyone except Carolyn. Then he curtly said "good-night," and walked off.

"My Gosh, but what an evening," he soliloquized, "But by Jinks, those other two girls are the right stuff all right."

When the two girls reached their rooms, Betty turned to Nan and said sadly, "Well, it's just as I thought, Carolyn always gets them."

"Gets what?"

"Why, didn't you see Mr. Duncan and Carolyn out in the hall? Anybody would think they had known each other from infancy, and I know that isn't so because Carolyn told me she had never met him."

"Why, are you still raving over him?" questioned Nan, and then, seeing Betty's doleful face, added, "Never mind Betty dear, probably Carolyn dragged him in there. 'Twould be just like her. But if you've no objections, I'm going to bed. Sweet dreams."

Betty followed suit, and the next thing she knew, the sun was streaming through the window, as if inviting her to see what a glorious spring morning it was. It was for this reason that Betty got up a whole hour earlier than was her custom. It was so lovely out that she could not resist the temptation to take a walk before breakfast. At seven o'clock she was dressed and ready for her walk. Just as she stepped out into the hall, she saw to her sur-

prise, coming out of the room opposite her, Mr. Duncan. It was obvious that they would meet, and Betty was just wondering if she should speak, when the stranger released her from her doubt by saying:

"Good Morning, I see you are an early riser."

Betty smiled a happy smile and replied, "Oh, but this is only an exception. It was such a beautiful morning that I thought I would take a walk before breakfast."

"Great minds run in the same channel," was Mr. Duncan's remark. That's just what I was thinking of. What do you say if we take it together?"

Of course Betty was highly pleased and so that was how they got acquainted.

They took a longer walk than either had expected, and both were surprised when on reaching home again, they saw that it was nearly eight o'clock. Just as they were entering the hall, they saw Carolyn coming down the stairs,—a thing which surprised Betty, for she had never known her to get up before half-past nine anyway. When she caught sight of Betty and the new boarder, she cast on Betty a freezing glance, and then began to chatter in a friendly way to Mr. Duncan. Betty's spirits began to droop, but they soon brightened again when she noticed that he did not pay much attention to Carolyn. Indeed, he paid so little that she finally went away discouraged, but not until she had looked furiously at Betty, who realized there was trouble ahead.

When they reached the dining-room, Betty, noticing that Nan was already there, hastened to introduce Mr. Duncan to her. From that time on the three became great friends, Mr. Duncan being seen in their company quite often. He sometimes visited Carolyn, but much against his will. He never mentioned her name before Nan and Betty because he thought they were good friends. It was on this account that they assumed she was the favorite one.

One day when the new boarder had been

there several months, Nan, coming home from school, noticed Betty's doleful face absently peering out of the window of her room.

"Why, child, what's the matter?" she remarked. "You look as if you'd just returned from a funeral."

"Oh, is that you, Nan?" replied Betty. "Well, what do you think, Mr. Duncan is going away."

"He is," replied the astonished Nan, tossing her hat on the bed. "What's the matter, had a fight with his employer?"

"No, but he can get a better position in Providence, so he's going there."

"Well, that's too bad; but cheer up, he'll probably write to you."

"I doubt it very much. Carolyn will probably get all his letters." Just then the dinner bell sounded and they hastened down to the dining-room.

II.

Nearly a year had passed since Fred Duncan had left Boston and Betty was in Nan's sitting-room sewing. "I wonder whatever became of Mr. Duncan," Nan at last remarked.

"I don't know," sighed Betty, "it certainly is evident he didn't care much for us; he hasn't written once."

"I think that's funny," said Nan. "He used to like to come here so well; but have you heard anything from Carolyn about him?"

"I tried to broach the subject to her once, but all she said was that she thought I ought to know if anyone did. I shouldn't wonder if she did know something about him, but wanted to keep it to herself."

"Oh, say," interrupted Nan, "to-night was the evening Tom Fuller was coming up, wasn't it?"

Betty did not pay much attention, but started from her reverie when a low but startled cry escaped from Nan.

"Why Nan, what is the matter," she cried, springing from her chair.

"Oh, Betty, I've done it now," she replied.

"Done what?" queried Betty anxiously.

"I mixed the envelopes, I'm sure."

"Nan Allyn! What are you talking about?"

"Well," explained Nan, desperately, "You know that Tom Fuller is the private secretary for Lawyer Fuller now, don't you, and that both of them have the same name. Well, on the same day that I wrote Tom to come up, I also wrote to his employer about settling the estate of my uncle when he died, and it has just occurred to me that I put the letters in the wrong envelopes. I wouldn't be so sure, only I saw Tom on the street to-day, and he just barely spoke."

"Oh how perfectly funny", laughed Betty, "Have you ever seen him?"

"No, never, but I can't see that there is anything funny about it, and I guess you won't when you'll have to entertain him, and you've got to do it, I never can alone."

"All right," said Betty, "But I've got to get ready for dinner now."

As early as half-past seven the girls were already to receive Nan's caller.

"Oh, I think this is too killing for anything," giggled Betty, "I wonder what he looks like."

"I don't know," said Nan, "It's too exasperating."

A little while afterwards the door bell rang. Nan started; Betty giggled audibly. They heard Mrs. Arliss as she went to open the door, and followed by a small bit of their conversation, their heavy footsteps ascended the stairs. Nan's heart began to thump rapidly, while Betty repressed the desire to laugh outright. A knock was heard at the door, and Nan, stumbling over to it, opened it. Before them stood a tall well-built man with white hair and beard, who looked about fifty. Before either of them had time to speak he greeted them by saying, "E—Good evening young ladies er—you don't know—er—how much pleasure you—er—have given me by inviting—er—me here."

"Oh," said Nan, finding her tongue at last, "We were very glad to have you. Let me in-

troduce you to my friend, Elizabeth Joyce."

Greetings were exchanged between them, and they sat down. He was not at all a tiresome conversationalist, as the girls thought he would be, and during a pause Betty managed to say, but rather weakly: "Have you ever heard f—from Mr. Duncan?"

The lawyer started and then looked her full in the eye, causing her to turn a vivid pink.

"Why I—er—recently—ahem—heard that he wished to come back to me; my—er—other employee is going to leave. You—er—knew Mr. Duncan, did you not? How did you like him?"

"Yes," replied Betty simply, "I knew him and liked him very much."

"Well," replied the supposed lawyer, "I might as well show myself, in my true colors," and with one jerk he pulled off his wig and beard. Before them stood—Fred Duncan.

Nan uttered a low cry; Betty turned pale and gasped. For some moments neither of them uttered a word, but at last they cried in unison, "Where did you come from?"

"Well, let's sit down and talk it over," smiled Fred and immediately he launched into his subject.

"I thought a fine position had been opened to me in Providence but I was mistaken. I guess I was homesick for the old town. Anyway I passed a year down there; how I did it is a mystery to me. Then I heard that my old employer wanted someone to work for him, and I lost no time in picking up here. Well one of my jobs is to read the governor's mail, and I tell you what, I find a choice assortment."

Betty laughed heartily and Nan took that chance to slide out of the room unnoticed.

"I knew something was wrong," he continued, "when I found that gilt-edged invitation of Nan's for the old man to come up and see her. Somehow it didn't sound right and I was sure some mistake had been made but I didn't know how. Then I happened to think that Tom Fuller had worked there before I came. I telephoned up to his boarding-house, asked for Tom but learned that he had left town. I

found that one letter had come for him in the morning mail, and so I made them think I was his father and told them to send down the letter to the office. The poor boob who answered the telephone took it all in, and sent it down. Well, 'twas the one I was looking for. I turned it over to the old man, and by beating around the bush quite a little, I got out of him that he had never seen you. Well, opportunity seemed pretty good to me and not to let it slip by, I thought I'd come up here and make a visit, seeing that Tom was unable. But say Betty, why didn't you answer my letters? 'Twas rather tough luck not to hear from the only girl I ever cared a straw about."

"Your letters," faltered Betty, "But I never got any letters from you."

"Never got any!" said Fred astonished. "Well that's mighty queer; I wrote you five, and then seeing that you didn't answer them, I gave it up as a bad job."

Just then Nan came running back, with a very surprised face, and a bunch of letters in her hand. "What do you think?" she exclaimed, as she entered the room, "Carolyn gave me these and they are all for you, Betty."

"They must be the ones you sent me," she said, turning to Fred. "But however did you get them, Nan?"

"Well, you see, I was going downstairs to get some candy," she began quite out of breath, when Carolyn called me into her room. I noticed that she was in trouble of some kind. She started to give me these letters—then utterly broke down. At last, though, she managed to tell me that she had watched for the mailman every day; that she'd stolen all the letters directed to you that had come from Providence, so that your friendship with Mr. Duncan would be broken. It had been on her conscience for some time but she had never dared to tell us. I feel awfully sorry for her. She did look so downcast. I hope you'll go and make it right with her sometime; 'twould comfort her a great deal. Now, for the candy."

"Why, of course I'll go," said Betty. "But

if she only knew how lonesome she's made me feel the last year."

Fred started forward with a happy smile on his face. "Betty, dear, do you really mean that?" And Betty said—"Yes."

Which is Which

"Isn't it the *queerest* thing?"

"Why, didn't you notice how *striking*—?"

"What is it?"

"What's the excitement?"

"Did you see Miss Warren, girls?"

"Why, it was perfectly wonderful how almost exactly alike—".

So arose the excited clamor from a group of girls in one of the window recesses in the entrance hall of the Plainstown high school. In different parts of the building were seen other gatherings, quite as agitated and seemingly, from the bits of discourse intelligible to an outsider, over a similar topic.

"Oh, there she is now!" cried one.

"Who?" came the chorus.

"Why Polly P., of course. Is that really you, Pol, old girl?"

"C'est moi," came the cherry answer from a new arrival to the first mentioned group. "I've pinched myself black-and-blue to see if I am real."

"Tell us all about it," came from the main spokeswoman.

"Yes do!" chimed in the chorus.

The last addition to the eager group was a girl of perhaps fifteen or sixteen, quite pretty in a quiet sort of way, and with mischief lurking in her eye when she smiled, as now.

"Well, I should think you would have seen for yourselves! When I turned from the board after drawing the figure for that proposition, I found myself face to face with *her*. I never was so staggered in all my life, not even when my old maid Aunt Mary Jane Tilden married at forty-nine! I know I must have made a fool of myself, 'cause for a full minute I just stood

and blinked at her. She looked some surprised, too."

"Who?" asked one of her attentive listeners, as she stopped for breath.

"Why, the new girl! And her name is Miss March, isn't that the funniest thing? Why when I turned around at precisely the same moment as she, I felt as though I were looking into my own mirror!" concluded Polly.

"What do you suppose she's like?" asked the girl who seemed to be leader.

"I can tell you one thing, Dot Phillips," resumed Polly, "she's some shark at Math. let me tell you! See if there isn't some fun in it for yours truly!"

"Got something up your sleeve so soon, have you?" drawled a soft voice in the background.

"Well, two and two's still four, Flossy Hanover," replied Polly, the invincible, don't you see? Her name's March, mine's Parch. Miss Warren is—well you know *her*, and tomorrow I shall wear a blue serge sailor aussi!"

Indeed it was not merely the imagination of an excitable bunch of school girls. For the faculty of Plainstown high school were also commenting on the strange likeness in form and feature of the well-known and popular Pauline Parch to the new-comer, one Charlotte March, who gave signs of being vastly different from her double. For although the latter had not been long in the school, already it was seen that her serious expression was not only habitual to the class-room and that her studious tendency was in strong contrast to the fly-away, happy-go-lucky, hail-fellow-well met Polly P. who was at once the life and delight of all her classmates as well as the trial and amusement of all her teachers. For Polly was so running over with good spirits that even the sternest of the teachers, of whom most of her subjects stood somewhat in awe, could not long harbor resentment toward repentant Polly.

As the clang of the gong, for the first recitation the next morning, was followed by the tramp and scuffle of many feet through the corridors, there seemed to be a feeling of suppressed

excitement centering among the Sophomore students filing into the great recitation room bearing the word mathematics on its door.

It was to be noticed that the eyes of the greater part of the class were turned, with much interest, toward two young ladies making their way to the farther side of the room. The foremost girl, who was Polly, slipped into the seat assigned before to Miss March and turned toward the instructor a face wearing as grave and studious an expression as the latter. Miss Pauline Parch, though not brilliant in math. or Latin, was an excellent mimic. The girl behind, hesitating a moment, sat down in a vacant seat, two seats away, formerly occupied by Miss Parch.

It was evident that the attention of the class was on these two quiet and apparently attentive individuals, rather than on Miss Warren's explanation of a locus of a point. This was what their neighbors on either side saw. Two young ladies wearing blue serge sailors, both well made and almost precisely alike, two heads of soft, fluffy, medium brown hair crowned with smooth braids, two pairs of serious blue eyes of a medium shade looking forth from faces of even and well-formed features, tilted at precisely the same angle. In fact there was nothing striking or unusual about the appearance of either except the similarity to one another.

Miss Warren took up her class book, "you may demonstrate the Theorem on the board, Miss Parch."

This is what she said and this is what the class heard. The room was very still awaiting developments. Polly, who had not even opened her book, calmly turned her gaze expectantly on Miss March and the latter believing her ears had deceived her, hesitated, but finally rose and without faltering proved the proposition correctly. A perfect mark went down in Miss Warren's record opposite the name Parch, Pauline.

Polly drew a long breath. "It had worked!" Even her vigilant classmates thought Pol had

had one of her rare studious "streaks." That is, with one exception. On the back row Dorothy Phillips smiled. There was almost a scornful curl to that smile one might have said.

Yes, it had "worked" and this was the beginning of excellent marks in geometry opposite Polly's name. Charlotte soon realized that neither she nor Polly were becoming deaf. Sometimes she rebelled secretly against the injustice of it. Then Polly would win her by some little friendly act and the reserved Charlotte March would take turns in worshipping from afar and almost hating with jealousy the lively and popular Polly.

It never had occurred to Polly how deceitful and unfair she was to both herself and her "twin." Her friends had encouraged her with praise in thus outwitting "cross old Warren" and several times had she gone scot free from punishment when different members of the faculty had mistaken her for the irreproachable Miss March.

Indeed only when her face lighted up in laughter and conversation could even some of her friends distinguish her, although if one looked closely it was seen that the nose was a bit different and her eyebrows a bit more pronounced.

Charlotte March was lonely in the new school. To be sure all were nice to her, but she always felt left out and almost a stranger when with her classmates. Naturally reserved, shy and sensitive, she found it doubly hard to mix in with the other girls since they seemed to expect her to be like Polly Parch in actions as well as appearance.

"Hullo Polly! Are you going to be at—"

"Pardon me, I am not Miss Parch," came the dignified response to the hail from across the street. It was Billy Harris, generally popular among the fair sex and especially so with Polly P. Charlotte herself had felt most favorable toward him of any of the Plainstown boys. Incidents like this were constantly happening and always Charlotte gave the same prim little reply.

It was in a crowded street car, several weeks later. Charlotte found herself directly behind Polly Parch and Dorothy Phillips who were the closest of friends. They were the two leaders of their set, Polly always in the center of things because of her natural high spirits and Dorothy one of those people a mob would obey in a panic, a beautiful and talented girl from a splendid old family.

"Now, Pauline, really I think you have been simply horrid to Charlotte March," Dorothy was saying. "Just think of all the times she has recited for you and shielded you without a complaint. I almost wish she'd cut you out some way or other just—"

"Oh, come now Dot, my love, don't go and get preachy or I'll lose you and you know you haven't even a button for carfare."

Here Charlotte left the car but she couldn't help thinking of what she had just overheard. "Why not spunk up and cut Polly out? But how?"

Through the gathering dusk came the answer, a familiar whistle as Billy Harris swung down the street. Charlotte smiled. Why couldn't she be Polly as well as Polly be Charlotte? The smile still lingered when Billy came up.

"Say, Polly, they say Worth and Wrights have stogged up a new ice. Come on in and see if it cures or kills."

After she had consented, she found her shyness melted with her ice and her secret thought was that it "cured."

It was only human a few moments later, while Billy was chuckling over a remark of hers, to meet reflected in the opposite mirror the amazed eyes of Polly Parch, with a flicker of triumph in her own. When a moment later they passed Polly, Billy simply raised his hat and Polly had the uncomfortable feeling that perhaps other people could mimic as well as she.

B. R. '15.

And Her Eyes Were Blue

"Hello people!" yelled Randolph Knowlton, bursting into the study with a great slam of the door behind him. "Gee! that's the best day's sport I ever had!" he said, throwing his snowshoes and sweater under the table. "Any mail for me? Cheers! A letter from Dad and—" here he opened his epistle. "A check for three thousand! Isn't that splendid of him? I wrote that my allowance was due and the Prom coming on and here's what I draw! Say, why don't you two congratulate me? What the deuce is the matter anyhow?"

"Bob's been robbed," stated Jack Elliott calmly.

"Bob's been robbed!" gasped Randy. "What the dickens have you been robbed for?" and he turned to his other roommate, Bob Winslow.

"For a trifling matter of two thousand plunks, a gold cigarette case and an extremely valuable Egyptian scarab," replied Bob sadly, "And it's the only known specimen of that age."

"Good Lord! where did all this happen?"

"To-night at about seven thirty. No one was here except Bob." Jack informed him.

"No one here except Bob! Well, couldn't he tackle one lone burglar? Did you see him Bob?" he asked turning toward the disconsolate robbed one.

"I saw her."

"It was a girl," explained Jack.

"Worse than that," stated Bob in the same sad tone, "A pretty girl, an *awfully* pretty girl."

Randy gasped again but before he could start in on any more questions Jack went on with the story. "Bob stood here like a large fat bonehead, let himself be robbed and—"

"But she had a gun," Bob broke in.

"And you said she put it on the table when she began." Jack calmly hit this plea on the head.

"She said that she needed the money." Bob was once more trying vainly to justify himself.

"Well, of all the events! Bob sitting here and sweetly giving up his money and his beloved scarab to a good-looking girl! Can't you imagine it? 'Please, pretty sir, I need a few thousand to buy a new gown with and if you don't mind, I'll take the little bug for luck!' Oh, *what* a sweet little drama it must have been." Randy at last had delivered his little bit of sarcasm.

"You would have done the very same thing," said Bob getting a little heated.

"I would, would I?" fairly shouted Randy. "Why—I'll bet you—I'll bet you my Prom Girl that I'd have caught her, called in the whole house *and* the police!"

"I'll just take you up on that!" Bob yelled back. "I'd like to see you catching a girl, an *awfully* pretty girl, and handing her over to the police!"

Now Randy's Prom girl was his sister, and, strange to say, he had been looking forward to taking her to his Prom for a long while. She was one of the most beautiful girls in New York. Some people tho't the most beautiful and Bob belonged to this latter class.

Randolph Knowlton left New Haven for New York the next day at noon, cashed his check in the city, and that night was received with open arms at a house-party on Long Island in the huge country house of his aunt, Mrs. Sherman.

In the middle of the dance that night Randy, while talking with one of the men, asked if he smoked, put his hand into his pocket for his cigarette case and remembered that he had left it in his other clothes when he had changed. Leaving his companion he ran up the stairs and into his room. He put on the lights, found his case, and with it in his hand turned—to find himself face to face with a pretty girl, an *awfully* pretty girl, attired in a college sweater with a big S on it, a disreputable little college cap and—holding a neat little colt pointed in just the wrong direction for Randy's peace of mind.

"Thanks!" she said in a cool, sweet voice.

"I'll trouble you for that good-looking case if you don't mind." She held out her hand and the dazed Randy dropped it in.

She placed her gun on a little table, opened the case and said happily, "Oh! Pall Malls! just my brand! A match, please." She daintily selected one, placed it between her red lips, lit it and inhaled with great rapture.

"And now, if you please, those pearl studs." He meekly began taking them from his shirt. "Oh!" she gave a pleased little cry. "What is all that in your pocket?"

She pulled out his precious three thousand, smiled, showed two fascinating little dimples, said "You really can't imagine how much money we can use at college. This will be fine!" put one hand behind her and snapped off the lights. Randy saw the glow of her cigarette for an instant and then even that had vanished.

For almost sixty seconds Randy, paralyzed with astonishment, gazed blankly into the darkness. Then he drew a long breath, turned the lights on again, looked around and—found himself face to face with another pretty girl, an *awfully* pretty girl, but this time wearing a white sweater with a large blue Y emblazoned on the front.

She had a gun and she too began to talk but before she could get one word out, Randolph this time absolutely furious, rushed at her, made a beautiful tackle and they both came down on the floor, Randy yelling with might and main.

The whole house-party came beating it up the stairs and found Randy, desperately holding onto an *awfully* pretty girl and shouting for more help.

Then suddenly he gave another look at the struggling damsel and to the astonishment of the spectators began pulling her hair. Off came a lovely wig of curly brown locks and there stood—Bob Winslow.

"Rah! rah! rah!" shouted Randy, dancing around the poor be-wigged burglar and holding his trophy high in the air, like some Indian

warrior with a scalp lock. "I guess you won't get my Prom girl!"

The group around the door demanded an explanation and Randy gave the story, only in some strange manner he forgot all about the other girl with the dimples and quite a few of his most prized possessions.

"So you see," he ended gleefully, "No pretty girl could possibly put a thing like that over on me and what's more—."

But just here a pretty girl, in fact, an awfully pretty girl, came pushing her way thru the crowd, holding three one thousand dollar bills and some pearl studs in one hand and a cigarette case in the other.

"But," she said, "don't you know, you forgot about these, didn't you?"

One look at Bob convinced Randy that he too was an accomplice in his undoing.

So that's the reason that Bob Winslow took Barbara Knowlton to his junior promenade and Randolph Knowlton went as a lone stag.

'15.

A Question Mark

A naughty boy once told his dad,
The marks read much like this:
"A" stands for awful, don't you see?
And "B" for bad, so that I miss.

"C" means correct, a real good mark,
But not to that do I aspire,
For "D" is dandy—best of all—
So that, dear Dad, do I acquire."

Fond daddy to the teacher went,
To praise her, and his son.
Dear teacher shows the figures true,
But papa fails to see the fun.

Son now is working at a "job,"
For only a dollar or so a day.
Says he, "Now with a high school course,
'Twould be a cinch to double my pay."

T. H. H. '15.

Miss S.: "What is ammonia water?"

L—don: "Water with ammonia in it."
We thought it was just the other way.

A chaperone is about the only one who gets much credit for neglecting her business.

What and Where Among the Alumni

J. Hayden Kennedy, '13, of Pine street, who has been ill, is able to be out.

John J. Lynch, '13, has gone to New York to work.

Earl Whitney, '13, who has been attending the Springfield Training School at Springfield, Mass., has returned home on account of ill health.

Dorothy Miller, '12, of Menands, N. Y., visited in Rutland recently.

Hazel Pearsons, '12, has a position in Miss Phillips' millinery store.

John L. Copps, '13, is employed in the office of the Rutland Manufacturing company.

John Cocklin, '11, is spending a few days with friends in New York City.

Leo Canty, '11, and Robert Pelton, ex '12, have opened a store on Center street where they repair and sell motor cycles.

Mildred Chapman, '10, is visiting relatives in New York City.

Jessie Arnold, '10, of Boston, Mass., visited her parents at the Brock House recently.

Pauline Boynton, '09, has returned from a trip to New York City.

A daughter has been born to Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Holbrook, of Kingston, N. Y. Mrs. Holbrook was formerly Edith Hoag, '09.

Christine Bigelow, '09, gave an organ recital at Oberlin College recently.

Miss Florence Holland, '11, is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. P. McKearin, of Boston.

Miss Belle Hayward, '11, recently spent a week with Ethel Adams, '12, at Cambridge, Mass.

Miss Charlotte McGuirk, '11, who is at the Boston Conservatory of Music, visited her parents recently.

Locals

Miss Me-don says that if a man is dumb, he can't read.

Joe Knolls has been trimmed as a primitive man. Ask any member of the *Bazoo Club*.

In Chem: "What is T. A. Boyle's First Law? I dunno, ask Flint."

Here's a new one: Lend—Me—A—Nickle Thomas for R. B. T.

"Jink" M.: "Give me a copy of "Anthony and Cleopatra."

Clerk: "Dollar and a half, please."

"Jinx": "I have only seventy-five cents—just give me "Cleopatra."

The day after the hockey team's return from V. A., the editor of the Rutland Herald received this letter: "Kindly tell me why a girl always closes her eyes when a fellow kisses her." Yours truly, R. B. T.

The editor replied: "If you will send me your photograph, we may be able to tell you."

Extract from senior composition: "His father was a very intelligent man. When he was born he was a minister."

Miss P-rdon: "Why are the Middle Ages known as the Dark Ages?"

"Red" W.: "Because there were so many knights."

"Say, what makes L—andon so noisy?"

"I don't know, it must be the band on his hat."

In M. & M. History: "And then Frederick went to Italy."

Pe—sue: (interrupting) "But how could he when he was dead?"

Foster, in French: "In Paris there are innumerable caves (cafes)."

In M. & M. History: "What was King John noted for?"

B—mis: "He had no mind of his own."

E—ton was staying after school.

Miss St—rrs: "Eaton, what is your father's name?"

"Joe:" "Eaton, of course, what did you suppose?"

"Jerry" Al—rich was describing a barometer. He got muddled, began to talk backwards, and in desperation, he pointed to the desk: "There's one there."

Wanted: Cats of all sizes and shapes. 25c up. Greaser E., agent.

"Rummy" N. sold "Gogo" L. a two-year-old book for 30c, and a new one only costs a quarter.

"Cell" Purdy's pompadour looks kind of squashed lately. We wonder if some lady friend took it for a door mat and stepped on it.

"Mike" M. has made a resolution to put his books on the desk and his feet on the floor instead of vice versa.

Every man makes a mistake, but none but fools stick to them.

Paul Murray says there is a canary loose in his English class.

The stillness of the Chem lab. was broken one afternoon by three sharp explosions as three innocent boys tried to light the gas. We wonder what the trouble was.

R. Spaulding: (In Am. History) One slave is equal to five white men.

It must be the whites are losing popularity, Ralph.

Miss B—tton: "Cocklin, what is the derivation of the word lunatic?"

"Slopsy": "Luna, the moon, and—er—er, attic, upper story."

C. H. Schm-tt: "Whadaye mean, a human step-ladder?"

Miss St-rrs: "Name a liquid that won't freeze quickly."

"Tidy" M.: "Hot water."

"Mike" M. says that it will be a good day tomorrow if it don't rain.

Well, cheer up Mike, you can't sink.

Miss B-tton: "Do you indulge in slang."

Bright Soph.: "Nix, if me maw ever caught me making a stab at dat dope, she'd can me, see!"

Miss B-tton: "What are they making downstairs, boilers?"

C. J-hnson: "No, coffins."

Frank F-ster seems to like the Grand theatre pretty well. He even hangs around the stage door once and awhile.

Teacher: "What! Have you no idea at all why Washington crossed the Delaware?"

Boy: "No, ma'am. Unless it was ter hev me kept in after school fer not knowing."

It's coming. What? The Washington trip.

Mr. Noitall—"I have some good ideas I wish your journal would absorb."

Editor—"Do you think we're running a blotting paper?"

THE T. T. CLASS

Miss Vera N. Gardner, '14, was married to Odle C. VanScoy of Newburg, N. Y., at Burlington, Vt., January 25, 1914.

Ask Miss Keiley to tell you the story about "where" her little first grade boy hid his candy.

While looking thru the book, "Historical Rutland," Miss La Venture upon seeing a picture of the Fire Ruins, of 1868, exclaimed, "Oh, yes, I remember that."

THE JUNIORS.

F-ierce Lesson

L-ate Hours

U-nexpected Company

N-othing Prepared

K-icked out of Class

THEIR REP.

J-abbering

U-nprincipled

N-eglectful

I-nsulting

R-attle-headed

Heard in Lab.

"Greaser" E—"Slip me the 23rd will you Mike?"

"Rum" N—"No I'm not on 27th Mike, I couldn't copy like you. My conscience would trouble me."

Mr. T—in A. Eng.: "What was peculiar about Johnson?"

"Hump" G—"He used to go along and count the telegraph poles."

Telegraph poles in 1750.

Mr. T—in Eng.: "How did Johnson support himself after leaving college?"

"Greaser" E—"The best way he could."

Chem star thinking aloud as usual—"What's the formula for charcoal?"

Miss S. in Chem.: "Where is phosphorous found?"

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Exchanges

The following Exchange papers have been received since the last issue of the Oread:

"Coburn Clarion," "Odersaite," "High School Herald," "Lyndon Aggie," "Vermont Academy Life," "High School Recorder," "Red and Black," "Tahoma," "Carbon," "Odyssey," "Hermonite," "Tatler," "Hall Boy," "Student," "The Vermont Cynic."

This is only one-fourth of the papers that are on our Exchange list, but owing to the various dates of publication we are unable to receive many more for one issue of the Oread.

There are two new papers added to our list this month: "The Carbon" from Price, Utah, and "The Lyndon Aggie" from the Lyndon School of Agriculture, Lyndon Center, Vt. We hope to establish a permanent Exchange with these papers as they both are very good.

We are very glad to welcome once again the "Student," Detroit Central High School, Detroit, Mich. This paper has not been received by us for over a year but we hope that it will be found among our monthly exchanges. It is an excellent paper and we are proud to have it on our list.

Coburn Clarion: We suggest that you add a Table of Contents and Class Jokes or Echoes to your paper.

As yet we have received no replies to the article concerning Exchange papers in the January issue of the Oread. It is hoped that the papers which received that issue will soon send us some helpful suggestions.

Miss Healey—"It is easy to see that this sum (5+3+3+4) equals 17."

The T. T. class has discovered recently that Mt. Killington is higher than Mt. Mansfield.

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The Oread



Published by the Rutland High School, Rutland, Vt.
June, 1914

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The Oread

VOL. VIII.

JUNE, 1914.

No. 4

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THE OREAD is published monthly during the school year by the students. Subscription price, 75 cents a year. Single copies, 10 cents.

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office at Rutland, Vt., Dec. 13, 1910, under Act of March 3, 1879.

Editorials

This is the last issue to be published by the present editorial board and as we are retiring we wish to say a few words expressive of our appreciation of the help given us. Probably the first to be thanked are the advertisers, for without their aid it would have been entirely impossible to maintain the paper financially. Then we thank the whole school for the interest, no matter how slight, which it has manifested in it during the year. It has shown this interest in various ways; namely, by the large number of contributions, and by its purchase of the papers.

However, the sale of the OREAD could be, and by all means should be, increased. There are over four hundred pupils enrolled in the school this year, and in all probability there will be a still greater number next year. Among that entire number we have had an average sale of only 80 copies.

But we are straying from the point in hand. The faculty, especially the teachers of the English Department, should be thanked for they have at all times most willingly given us advice, corrected, and above all helped us to obtain stories.

Much thanks is also due to the board of editors for the faithful work they have done thru the year in their various departments.

To the succeeding board we heartily extend our best wishes for the most successful year the OREAD will have ever known.

Owing to unforeseen and unpreventable difficulties we have been obliged to omit issuing the OREAD for the past two months. However, we do not expect to encounter this difficulty again and will make it a point to get out each issue promptly.

On the Trail of the Freshman

"See the freshie!"

"Is that a freshie? I always thought freshies looked green."

"They do but this is a *Yale* freshie. See his pink socks and joyful look. He will not look so joyful after his exams are over."

"Does he have to take any exams?"

"He doesn't think he needs to but the authorities don't see it in that light."

"Where do they have the exams?"

"In Alumni Hall, that mediaeval-castle-sort of building just ahead of us."

"What is that crowd around the door?"

"That is a bunch of freshmen waiting for it to open."

"What will they do when it opens?"

"They will go in and write an examination."

"What are those papers which that man is handing around?"

"They are just some things to cheer up the downcast. They read like this: 'Have you failed in your examinations. The ———— Tutoring School will prevent that from happening again.'"

"Look! They are going in now. How eager they seem to get to work. Do they not enjoy taking exams?"

"Yes, they do not enjoy taking exams. We will follow them in."

* * * * *

"See this large freshman who looks so calm. He will surely do well at his paper, won't he?"

"Undoubtedly. He is a veteran, having flunked this subject twice already."

"Why does that wise looking one wear such a sad expression?"

"He fears he will only be able to pull a medium A. Remark how the proctors gloat over their victims writhing under the mental torture."

"Why does this boy smile so sweetly at his questions and keep moving his lips?"

"He is calling down all manner of evil things

on the heads of the persons who wrote the questions."

* * * * *

"There goes one who has finished. Why does he look so happy?"

"Because he has finished."

"Where is he going?"

"He is going to get his mail."

"Why does he jingle his keys all the time?"

"It makes him feel like a man."

"My what a lot of mail!"

"Yes, most of the letters are bills though. Hold on! There is a letter from home. You can tell that by the way he holds it up to the light."

"Why does he do that?"

"That is the way to do with letters from home to see if there is a check in them and if there is not, to toss them carelessly aside."

"Does he expect some money?"

"No, he does it just because it shows to everyone that he is a real college man."

"Why does he gloat so over that letter?"

"It is a bill for fifty dollars from a furniture store."

"Why is he so proud of it?"

"It shows that he is a man of the world."

"Where is he going now?"

"He is going to dinner now."

"Where does he get his meals?"

"At the Old Eli Lunch. Let us follow him."

* * * * *

"Why does he eat here?"

"Because it has such a nice sounding name and also on account of the pretty waitresses."

"Does he flirt with the fair ones?"

"Oh, my no! He does not flirt with them!"

"What does that sign up there say?"

"It says, 'Welcome Freshmen—Accounts Opened.'"

"Will he open an account?"

"He has already."

"Where is our freshie going now?"

"He will probably go to the matinee at Poli's this afternoon and get done by a ticket speculator. We shall visit him this evening however."

"What a gloomy, forbidding building. It looks like a Court House."

"No, it is Pierson Hall, where part of the freshmen room. Let's go in."

"Doesn't it remind one of a jail inside, with cells opening off the halls?"

"Yes, it is built entirely of fireproof material."

"Why did they do that?"

"For fear the young nestlings here would set the place on fire. Last year the freshmen built a bonfire in the third floor hall the night of the football victory over Princeton. It was a real bonfire too for they used a lot of crates from the cellar."

"How dreadful!"

"Ah, here is our host's room. Come on in. Why, he is all settled—rugs down, pictures up!"

"Why such surprise?"

"It hardly is worth while to settle your room for your first two weeks in college at least."

"Why?"

"You will see."

"What is Reginald doing now?"

"He is studying. He has a hard exam tomorrow."

(Someone knocks at the door and enters.)

"We will listen."

"Hullo—my name is Brown—and yours? Oh yes, glad to know you. (Shakes hand.) How are you coming on with your exams? What? Oh you will get thru all right. They put up a stiff set for us last year. Say—I want to get your order for a wall banner. You have to have one you know. They are six by three feet. How much? Three dollars. Oh don't bother about that. You don't have to pay till the first of December. Sign there on that line, thank you. Well, I wish you luck tomorrow, so long."

* * * * *

Another knock.

"Say, have you signed up for the News?"

Everyone has to subscribe for it. Never mind about that—you don't need to pay till December. What? Only four dollars. Thanks—good night."

* * * * *

Again a disturber of our studier-for-exams.

"Mr. B———, I believe? I am a representative of the M——— Laundry. All the college men patronize us. Won't you sign up? You had better do so. We will send a box around immediately. Thank you. Good night."

* * * * *

A few more after the same fashion.

* * * * *

"Who are those fellows?"

"They were college fellows acting as agents for different things. They are well skilled in the way to get a freshman to let go of his money. You see they went thru the same experience themselves a year or two ago and want to get revenge."

"Why do they take it out on the innocent freshmen?"

"Freshmen are fair game."

"What makes Reginald look so queer? Is he homesick?"

"Oh dear no. *He* is not homesick."

(Shouting outside.)

"What is all that shouting?"

"Just some Sophs getting back."

"Why do they come back so early?"

"They want to get a look at the new candidates and amuse themselves. Listen!"

"Oh fresh, put out that light. Oh fresh, put out that light. Put it out or we will come up and make you. Oh, fresh, put out that light!"

"Why does Reggie put out his light? Is he afraid?"

"Oh no, he is just going to bed."

As the freshman starts to take his shoes off, there comes the sound of tramping feet below. He stops and listens.

Up the stairs come the feet. Then down the hall he hears an ominous knock on some door.

"Open up fresh. Open up I say," with fearful emphasis.

Another voice, "Never mind that door. Nobody there yet. Here's one though."

Our freshman waits breathlessly, trembling and hoping they will pass his door. No they stop—a soft knock.

"Open up fresh—come now."

He makes no move. Then they begin to pound loudly and all chant with a horrible rhythmic swing.

"Open up fresh! Open up fresh! Open up, I say!"

A kick or two at the door—still no move from the petrified freshman within. A silence—then whispering—a rush and a kick at the panel of the door—a sound of splintering wood and the panel collapses inward followed by a brawny hand which unlocks the door. The crowd bursts in and—

"But the following scene is not for our eyes. We will come back in an hour or two to see the results."

* * * * *

"How dark it is. Light the gas—ah! Where is Reggie—say just look at this room will you."

As the light flares up the room bursts upon us in the chaos of a nightmare.

In the center of the room Reggie's desk stands on end. The drawers have been removed and are with their contents scattered over the room. Upon the upper end of the desk reclines the chiffonier also without its drawers. As a jaunty crown to this monument a battered chafing dish does service. The room is littered with clothes and papers out of which like rocks from a stormy sea, rise several chairs and the springs of a bed. An open umbrella hangs rakishly on the gas jet and beneath it on the bare mattress and rolled up in a blanket with his clothes on sleeps Reginald. The expression on his face is one of happiness and pride. He is a real college man now.

C. B. C. Yale, '14.

Going to College

What does going to college mean? What is it anyway? What *does* it do for a man, what *ought* it, reasonably, to be expected to do and what can it *not* do for him?

We are, I think, rather fond of saying briskly and somewhat vaguely to young persons, "going to college is a great opportunity" and, without clarifying our thought further, leave the young man or young woman as much in the fog as ourselves. Is going to college a great opportunity to become rich; to become a fine scholar; to take a high place in some profession or to come to public distinction or to social advancement or a half dozen other things one might mention? To all such questions my answer is, I do not know, nor am I greatly concerned to know. But I *do* know this and I insist upon it: *Going to College* is a great opportunity for any one to *make of himself* more than he could otherwise have made. Just a great *opportunity*, nothing more! But what more shall a man ask of the gods than a big *chance* to make himself worthy of their gifts? And this the privilege of going to college does for every man. And isn't this about all it ought reasonably to be expected to do? And who of us doesn't know something about the great things college gave us? Companionships to hearten us and key us up in the hard places and keep us humble on the high places; great, simple-minded scholars, not only to open up to us the treasures of the ages stored away in books but to give us some glimpses of a life away from the strife of tongues, serene and busy and useful, and above all mean hopes and cheap pleasures; the world of books, not simply, perhaps not at all, an enchanted world, but, if we will make it so, a world in which every noble endeavor, every great thought, every high aspiration is fed and nourished, and every great pleasure put within our reach; a splendid place for us to *find* ourselves, pitted against our equals and superiors, in friendly yet strenuous rivalry; while about all, above all, and through all, were "the great days in the distance enchanted,"

days of high resolve, of bright hopes, of hard work, of Castles in Spain, and golden memories. The joy of it all! Who wouldn't go to college if he could?

I have been insisting that college is only an opportunity for a man to do something for himself; to make himself a bit better or a little less mean; to quicken his intellect or to make it a little less dull; to uplift his soul or to make it, at least, a little less beastly, and so on. But a college can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, an oak tree out of a squash seed nor, to drop all figures, a wise man out of a fool. So all the good colleges have ceased to try to perform what the Lord never tried to do, and even if I could go no further than this I should still maintain that going to college is an opportunity to be sought after diligently. But my experience and observation make me say further that college is not only a great opportunity for a man to *help himself* to better things but is a quickening spirit to *waken* him to life, and an abiding influence to keep him, "though he trip and fall," from "blinding his soul with clay."

In defining my attitude toward the question, "shall I or can I go to college," I have always had in mind, chiefly, the greater service better educated people can render their respective communities, meaning to emphasize the thought that the higher the personal preparation, the greater the capacity for service to one's community or, to put it in other words, it pays the community to have its boys and girls go to college simply in their increased capacity for better service, and they, therefore, may be properly urged to go on this ground alone. I do not maintain, except in general, that larger *capacity* for service will secure *better* or *larger* service any more surely than that increased wealth will secure larger liberality. I mean, only, that increased individual capacity is, at least, a warrant for service that could not possibly be secured without it. And this brings me to the value of the personal enrichment that a college course gives, as another good ground in itself for urging boys and girls

to go to college. I suppose there is nothing, except goodness, that is worth while for its own sake, certainly not many of those things we have heard about over and over again, viz.: self denial for the sake of self-denial, sacrifice for its own sake, culture for the sake of culture, discipline for the sake of discipline, and so on, seeing they are *all* means to some end and none of them ends in themselves. But no personal possession of those things made possible by a college course, viz.: larger information, knowledge of books, mere learning if you please, greater ability to think clearly and honestly, keener appreciation of fine things in the world of music, art, literature, etc., a little higher realization of good qualities in others, a little humbler opinion of one's self, a more resolute courage to grapple with the difficulties of life, gained from measuring one's self with one's equals and superiors; this personal possession, I say, gives a dignity and a pleasure all its own to its possessor and helps him to lift up his head among men. But it does much more than that. Every life worth living is made up of sunshine and shadow, prosperity and adversity, joy and sorrow; of times that try the soul with ease and of times that try it with hardness, and it is good for a man to have within himself at such times as large resources as possible, lest in case he forget God, or in hardness deny his manhood. A college education helps one to *live*.

I have already hinted at a third reason that has led me to urge boys and girls to take if possible, the opportunity of college, particularly these days when there is so much inducement to move on lines of least resistance in education. A certain fine character in one of Cable's books when asked by a friend which way he should take when he came to the divide in the road always answered "the upper fork." And that is a good answer to give to a boy or girl who wants to know whether to go to college or not, "the upper fork," for two reasons: (1) it is of the highest importance to learn to do difficult things, to take a hard piece of work and do it well, to be inex-

orable with oneself, or in St. Paul's words "to endure hardness as a good soldier," and (2) to take the easy course, to follow the lower road, by *choice*, condemns one permanently to a lower position in life, a place beneath what one's best effort would have attained; and perhaps the pity of it lies in this: to be satisfied with less than one's best.

But great opportunities enjoyed bring not only great responsibilities but great duties and privileges, and every college man has to ask himself such questions as these: What are my obligations to my college; what to my community? What responsibilities and what duties has my opportunity laid upon me, what privileges has it given me? Let me answer these questions for myself, not assuming to answer for any one else. To my college I must be loyal and I have never thought that loyalty meant shouting—indeed, shouting for an institution may sometimes be the deadliest disloyalty—though I have done my part in the shouting at times. Loyalty has seemed to me to demand that I should be true, in my life and work, to the best traditions and teachings of my college so that she might not be ashamed of me and that men might not, through me, cast any reflection upon her. Then if I could hope for more it might be this: to have caught her spirit in such a way and so fully that men would see and feel in me something of her beauty, her grace and her strength.

"There was a lady fair who wrote
A little violet-scented note;
And when her lover would have kept
The treasure close, its fragrance crept
Into the air, and did betray
That something sweet was hidden nigh,
Making the folks in pleasure cry
Why, who wears violets today?"

To my community I owe the fruit of the great opportunity of going to college and that ought to be much more than if I had never gone. This is only another way of saying that college men ought to be the picked men of a

community in every good word and work, but does not mean that they should necessarily control affairs; indeed, I am not thinking at all of the outward management of the community but of something much finer, its inward spirit. For example, the presence of college men in any community ought to make it more difficult, even if not impossible, for anything mean or selfish or corrupt to be done. Let me give an illustration. Last spring the Aldermen undertook to prevent the leasing of conspicuous places for bill-board advertising that disfigures the city and blunts the finer sense of the community if it does not corrupt the morals. "But the law allowed it, and the court awarded it," and there was no Portia to stay the sentence by her word, "Tarry a little; there is something else." It ought not to have been a matter of the law but of public spirit, and to create and maintain wholesome public spirit is the one great thing college men owe to their community.

I. T.

"1914."

On the twenty-fourth day of December, 1814, the treaty of peace was signed, in the city of Ghent, which closed the second war between England and the United States. On account of the lack of the telegraph in those days it was two weeks later before the war actually ceased.

Thus on the eighth of January, 1815, we find the forces of the two English-speaking nations drawn up against each other in deadly conflict at New Orleans. It was the last battle that has ever been fought between the Americans and the British.

Within a few months, one hundred years will have passed away since the echoes of that strife reverberated through the nation. In that century the United States has spread out, grown, and prospered until today she stands among the leading countries of the world and is the protector of the western hemisphere. She has stretched from ocean to ocean, from Canada to

the Gulf. She has acquired islands of the seas by conquest and a rich territory in the north-west corner of the continent by purchase.

The century that is very near its close, since the treaty of Ghent, has been for the United States a century of progress. The whole nation has been brought together by the network of telegraph and telephone wires. In the luxurious railroad trains, people can now cover the same distance in a day that it took our forefathers a week to cover. In the manufacturing world we are among the leaders. We have built cities and towns, established schools and built up an army and a navy that defends the honor of the country in all parts of the world.

Coming down to the present, we have sent the steam shovel through the hills of Panama, thereby uniting the eastern and the western oceans. The country has grown wealthy and perhaps a little too proud. We have a right to a great deal of pride, but not too much.

The century between 1814 and 1914 has not, by any means, been one of absolute peace and happiness. We have endured hard times and dark days. The darkest time was when the black war cloud settled over the land in 1861. It was not only two English-speaking people that were fighting then, but, worse than that, it was two sections of the same country—when the North and the South had to rise up against each other. This generation can never realize the awfulness of that struggle. At its close the army of the North came home flushed with victory and crowned with glory. What a difference between that homecoming and the return of another army, who went back in rags to find their homes burned, their stock killed and their farms and cities in ruins. Did they sit down and weep? Not for long! With true American zeal they lay down their guns, took up the plow and began the work of reconstruction. Now, the North and the South are brothers again, but it is a newer and a better South, and we can see that those who

offered up their lives in that war did *not* die in vain.

And thus we come to the year Nineteen-hundred and Fourteen: a year that has been full of trouble for the Administration. With a seething country to the south of us and with the "Big Ditch" nearing completion, the officials of the nation have had their hands full of trials that have taxed them to the last degree. Yet those troubles are only of the nature that would come to any progressive country.

But through all the sunshine and darkness of the past century we have lived in peace with the English people across the sea. Throughout the entire boundary between Canada and the United States there is not a soldier stationed or a gun placed to keep order. Let us hope that another century and more after that will pass before the two nations that speak the English tongue will meet again on the field of battle.

F. K. D., '14.

Some Reasons Why

Jack Durwin, a studious young man of 23 years, was seated in his room one stormy evening during the month of May. His head was full of thoughts of Frances, which prevented him from reading or doing anything. He could only think.

"What shall I say to her father?" he asked himself.

The evening before he had called on Frances and had asked her to become his wife. Of course she was more than pleased at this, but the worst of matters was that her father must be asked and he was out of town on business. This only seemed to throw cold water on Jack's hopes, for he knew that the old man was not entirely on his side. However, the only thing that he could do was to brave it, and see how it ended.

He had promised Frances to call as soon as he could find time after her father returned.

But he could not seem to find very appropriate words for the occasion.

"Well," he said, "I can only say what all the other fellows do, I suppose. It makes me feel like kicking myself, though, when I try to talk at times and begin to stammer, then suddenly let everything out in one burst. I just know that is what will happen.

The following evening turned out to be a fine one. Jack dressed up very much, as he thought perhaps that might lend more favor to his side, and started for the Parker residence. Frances greeted him at the door, as usual, and he went in, feeling sort of shaky, but trying his level best not to show it.

The two stayed in the parlor several minutes, but during this time, Jack noticed that Frances was sort of uneasy. He easily surmised what the matter was.

"My dear, I am going to put the question concerning our marriage, to your father now," Jack said, half afraid to say anything.

"Goody, dear, I've been so nervous ever since you came that I could hardly sit still," replied Frances.

The couple started for the library where Mr. Parker sat reading. As they entered, he looked over his glasses with a scowl that made Jack draw back for a minute.

"M-m-r-r-Mr. Pa-Parker!" stammered Jack, "I came to ask you if-if I could marry Frances. You know I have been with her steady now for a year and a half and I think it is high—high time that we were married."

"No, sir, you can't marry any daughter of mine! A man who hasn't any more money than you couldn't support a girl as Frances has been used to being supported. Why, Frances is very capable of marrying a man much higher in the world than you," came quickly from the girl's father.

Jack's fear had by this time departed and his anger was now at its height.

"Mr. Parker, you don't know how much I am worth. Just because I came to this city

and worked like an honest gentleman, you consider me not worthy of your daughter. Well, if you did know what my means were, you would only be too glad to have your daughter marry me!" retorted Jack.

"Young man, when you can show me one thousand dollars of your own money, I will consider the question. And by the way, I'll give you three months to raise that sum. If you have as much as you say, you will be able to show it to me before that time is up, but I'll give you three months."

"Very well, Mr. Parker, I will show one thousand dollars within three weeks! But, I do think it an extra large sum to raise in three months. It's lucky I already have it," added Jack.

That night, after he returned to his boarding house, he went immediately to his room and wrote to his uncle with whom he had made his home since the death of his parents. His mother had died when he was about fourteen years of age. His father had left a large estate and a sum of two hundred thousand dollars to his only son. So Jack was not by any means obliged to work for a living, but he desired it. He was very fortunate in having the ready one thousand dollars which Mr. Parker wished him to show. He wrote:

Dear Uncle:

Have asked Mr. Parker to let me marry Frances but he has refused unless I can show him one thousand dollars in three months. Can't you come over here Monday and bring the necessary sum with you? Will expect you on the 3 o'clock train. Don't fail me.

Yours,

Jack.

The answer to this letter came in a couple of days and was entirely satisfactory, stating that he would be with him on Monday at 3 o'clock.

Monday afternoon Jack remained from work and went to meet his uncle.

Mr. Durwin was an elderly man of fine stature. His hair was gray, and he had an abundance of it. His eyes were black and his face showed a jolly disposition.

"Hello Jack," he said heartily as he shook hands with his young nephew.

"Howdy, Uncle. Mighty glad to see you. Give me the money and we'll go directly to Mr. Parker's office. I can't wait to show the old man what I can do."

"Alright, just as you say."

So the two men immediately started towards the office. As they entered, Mr. Durwin began to smile exceedingly.

"Henry, old chap, how are you, anyway; an age since I've seen you, old boy," shouted Jack's uncle.

"Why, my old friend, George! Where did you come from?" asked Mr. Parker.

The old friends settled into steady conversation, while Jack was busying himself by walking to and fro, dumbfounded by what had taken place. It seemed to him as if they never would stop, for that one thousand dollars seemed to be burning a hole in his pocket. At last, the talk stopped. This was his opportunity and he surely grasped it.

"Mr. Parker, I came here to show you the one thousand dollars. Here it is." And he drew the required amount from his bill folder.

"Jack, I believe you are an honest man and you may have my daughter's hand in marriage as soon as you want. The sooner I see you two settled in a home of your own, the better. Your uncle, here, an old friend of mine, has told me all, so you needn't bother to try and explain," was the answer of Mr. Parker.

This surprised Jack immensely, but he didn't stop to try and explain at all. He thought that he should not worry, if Frances' father didn't. He made a rush for his hat and at the same time calling to his uncle to follow him, departed from the office.

That same evening, Jack and Mr. Durwin went to Frances' home where they were delightfully received.

The young girl could not resist running into her lover's arms. The marriage was decided upon for the twenty-fifth of the next month, which would be June. And it is needless to say that they lived happily ever after.

R. E. C. '15.

Athletic Notes

The High School baseball team has quite lived up to the expectations of its followers, which is not saying a great deal, however. Starting the season with only one veteran, Capt. Murray, in the line-up, the most optimistic could hardly expect to have a team developed that approached the standard of those which have represented the High School for the past five years. From the standpoint of games won and lost and the financial backing of the team, the season was decidedly unsuccessful. But one great object, the finding of recruits in the lower classes and developing of them into good players for the teams in the following years, was accomplished.

The real find of the season was "Charlie" Vose, a Freshman, who pitched a majority of the games this year. We have every reason to believe that he will ultimately develop into one of the best High School pitchers in the State. Capt. Murray was forced to sacrifice his individual brilliancy as an outfielder to the desire of the coach to fill up a hole in the infield. Although out of his element he held down the position quite creditably. Other members of the team, although playing good ball at times, were not consistent. They will undoubtedly round out into good form next year, however, and, with the help of a good coach, unite in making a fine team.

The track team was forced to forego its desire to enter the interscholastic meets about the state because of a lack of funds. Jones has been elected captain for next year and given a few breaks in the luck should head a good team.

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Write for more information to the Dean of the Department in which you are interested.

Locals

Miss S. in Physics: "You warm your hands by radiation."

Question: "Why not by conduction?"

Mr. T.: in Com. Geog.: "What is copper used for?"

"Turk" Sulli—: "Insulators."

Miss Godf.: "Name some of the common fruit trees."

Class: "Apple, pear, —"

Miss Godf.: "Well, what about the lemon?"

Who's Who

Who are our teachers? What do they do?
Listen, dear strangers, and I'll tell you,
Bah Jove! who's this coming and hustling around!
It's Miss Button for English, well, "Ah'll" be bound.
Miss Butler in history 's never at loss;
And when she gets married she'll sure be the boss.
Miss Colridge is new, but doomed not to stay—
As science loses its charm for a diamond gay.
Miss Godfrey 's a "grind," both early and late;
But she sure talks her German at some rapid gait.
Mr. Gerrish's a man; our one man, you see—
Even he soars to heaven (?) in bookkeeping, B.
Miss Johnson's so pleasant, and in all her new togs,
Wins way to the hearts of the struggling "stenogs."
Are we fond of Miss Meldon? Tres bien! Oui! Oui!
For she's chuckfull of French and her gestures, you see.
In math. Miss Monroe holds unbounded sway,
And we all wish her joy at the last Judgment Day.
Miss Nelson, our instructor in Latin, is fair,
Always happy and jolly, with never a care.
Miss Purdon, has history too. Dear, dear;
She scowls and she smiles, but naught do we fear.
Miss Rhines is the gay one in faculty row,
But to beat her in English you've got some to go.
Miss Storrs teaches chemistry; my, but she's slow;
She can give some exams, tho, as most of us know.
Miss Temple has Greek, and some Latin, too;
Her glance is the kind that pierces you thru.
Someone forgotten? How everyone starts—
No—the principal's last named, for he's first in our hearts.
So these are our teachers, a good bunch, all told,
Some laughing, some serious, some young, and some old.
W. H. O. (?)

Miss S. in Chem.: "Norton, that diagram is not acceptable; draw another."

"Rummy" N.: "I'm up here to do chemistry not art."

Miss P.: "Who was the first Dutchman in America?"

Du—ffee: "I don't know."

Miss P.: Hudson."

Du—ffee: "Oh sure, I know him."

"Coffee" Mills: "It takes brains to be crazy."

From the ether: "Then you must have had a bunch of them, 'Coffee'."

We are all wondering if Proc, '15 is trying that new hair tonic where his future mustache will be.

Mr. T.: "Johnson, where is a good place to locate a city?"

Calcium Carbonate John: "Montreal."

"Greaser" E. has been warned not to be sillier than nature made him.

Mr. T.: "What is a Mongolian?"

"Rummy" N—: "Mike Miner."

Miss P.: "If you wash your hands with Babbitt's soap, what does it do?"

Morris: "It cleans them."

Miss M.: "What will make the hypotenuse?"

Pease: "Chalk."

Look out, Curley, they shoved Columbus into prison for busting an egg.

Patch, reading barometer: "Twelve below." Turn on the fan!

Miss B.: "Connors, go to the office and tell Mr. T. what I sent you for."

Jake: "Well, I'll be lying if I do."

Miss P.: "Morse, turn around. Miss B— doesn't care anything for you."

Them's harsh words, Skinny.

Miss B.: "Peck, what does your father do?"

"Yid": "Oh, almost everybody."

It looks like rain—?!

In Zoology: "Why is a cow?"

"She": "All extremely bright men are conceited, anyway."

P. Pel—: "Oh, I don't know, I'm not."

R. B—ne while ushering at the church got a bit flustered and said: "This way, madam, and I'll sew you into a sheet."

"Jinx": "Hey, look at Nabisco with the paper collar on."

Fond father: "I know, Prof. that Walter is very slow. What would you suggest as a future occupation?"

Prof.: "Well, sir, I think he is admirably fitted for taking moving pictures of a glacier."

Study hard, Mike, and be a self-made man.

Miss P.: "Why was Queen Anne the last of the Stuart line?"

D—fie: "Because she was the last one."

T. T. CLASS

G. Heath: "I wonder why people keep twisting me around!"

J. La Ven: "I'm not going to the Senior Reception. I want to go to the Movies for a change."

And just what is your meaning of *change*, Miss La Ven?

Miss Healy: "What was the first battle of the Civil War in which the Vermont troops took part?"

Miss Spauld—: "Battle of Lexington and Concord."

Miss Wilk—, writing "1914" in Roman numerals: MCCCCCCCCXIV. The length is there, but the rest?

Miss Wilk— says that the earth is flat on both ends like a pear.

Cubists' pear, huh?

Miss Blue has planned many walks in her flower garden for the moonlight evenings.

WASHINGTON LOCALS

Ask G. E., B. W., and K. K. who their friends were at North Bennington.

Also "Nippy" J. and G. Lan— if they enjoyed themselves in car with Fair Haven?

C. Cool— on train: "Oh! he winked at me."

Must have smiled first, Clar—.

In Washington trolley—"Red" Murphy in "Nippy" J's lap; colored woman enters.

"Red": "Shall I get up and give the lady my seat, Nip?"

"Nip": Naw, sit still."

Guide: "No one but the Secretary of State is allowed to enter."

G. Eit.: "Then I don't want to go in."

Nippy using Earl's finger bowl: Greaser: "Think I'm going to drink that water after you've had your fingers in it?"

Cal—i (in Washington): "Where's the Statue of Liberty?"

B. White, seeing the number plate on a house, 1715: "Oh, what an old home!"

Gee, we saw one, 2015!

Landon: "What's the statue up there?"

Guide: "That's the ventilator."

Ask anybody about Rooms 308, 373, 222.

Jones and Landon retired to their room early—one morning—and found one bed on top of the other, the mattress out of the window and the blankets on the chandelier. Sweet thoughts—!

All-Shot-Murph: "Here's my stringed bean," taking a piece of rope out of his bean dish.

Honolulu Cal—i on train, awakening from dream: "We're going so fast that H²O has collected all over the walls."

"Deac" Crane, Cool—, "Nip" Jon—, and "Greaser" Ea— now want to shift to Fair Haven high.

In National. Each fellow must take a girl to Poli's, as per orders: "Who are you going to take, Gordon?"

G. Lan—: "Guess I'll take G. E., seeing that you had her this morning."

And they shoved "Paraphernalia" off onto poor Nippy.

Calvi: "I don't see any girl here worth going crazy over."

"Greaser" (jumping up): "You don't! Did you see mine?"

On the first night (in sleeper) no one liked the Fair Haven chap. Early to bed—

Think of "C. C." Johnson, "Deac" Crane, "Slim" M—ce, and Mr. Smiff—all mashers!!

"Nippy" J. looks so much like a nut that he was often taken up in the park to catch squirrels.

Nip: "Murphy, tip the waiter 50 cents, he called you a gentleman."

"Red" Murph: "He's a smart feller, that nigger is."

Chem stars at dinner: "NaCl + H²S.—Pea soup for five at the National."

Cigarette-fiend-Murph, after drinking three glasses of ice water: "Gee! I'm thirsty." Minute later: "I'm thirsty yet."

Whuoy—?

C. Co— saw some sweet potatoes at the Zoo.

Who blew the bottle of *cachoo* from the opera box at "Potash and Perlmutter's" that caused the sneezing of 800 people? Sudden fear came over "Whiskers L." when he realized the act.

Honolulu!!!!

Heard in the sleeper: "I would be all right if I could get my feet to sleep."

Who was the Jonah on them sight-seeing trips?

Ask K. K. and G. E. in what city they enjoyed the sight-seeing. Phila?

G. E. in N. Y.: "Oh, see those dates, 2 cents a box. But then they're cheaper than that in Washington."

So we noticed.

M—ce: "What is H²O?"

"Mike": "Who (Hoo)?"

Landon put himself at the head of the National Hotel Fire Brigade.

Ask Gogo L— how he enjoyed his bath in Washington. (He took it in a fire pail.)

Did you hear about that 3 a. m. April Fool Party?

"Greaser" E.: "Here's one of my shoes." Later (finding same one): "Oh, here's the other."

"I don't know shorthand, so I can't write it."

"Skinny": "Well, then, write it in English."

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 Oogler—E. Earle.
 Dead One—Schmitt.

V. Ald—at hotel: "Just give me a plate for breakfast."

"Scully" John: "What is that?"

Guide: "The Senate."

"Scully" J.: "Why ain't it full?"

Guide: "They were full yesterday; they're just getting sobered up now."

And why was "Greaser" Ea—so sleepy on the train. Yes, he actually fell asleep with his head on *her* shoulder.

C. C. again with the coquetry act—this time with the fellow who had *the* teeth.

K. K. on Train: "What do you mean edge more (Edgemoore)?"

R. H. S. on 6th Ave.: "Where shall we go?"

"Nippy" Jo—: "Come on down street."

Characteristics

Sensible
 Energetic
 Neat
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 Orderly
 Refined.

Exchanges

Among the Exchanges received this month are two new ones. These are "The Wizard" from Ossining, N. Y., and "The Stuyvesant Stag," from Stuyvesant School, Warrenton, Va. Both are very good papers and we hope to receive them regularly.

"Stuyvesant Stag." We wish to you a grand success on the growth of your Exchange department.

"Hall Boy"—The editorial, "The Faculty Fishermen," is very interesting.

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The Oread



Published by the Rutland High School, Rutland, Vt.
October, 1914

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INCORPORATED NOVEMBER, 1850

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The Oread

Vol. VIII.

OCTOBER, 1914.

No. 5

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THE OREAD is published monthly during the school year by the students. Subscription price, 75 cents a year. Single copies, 10 cents.

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office at Rutland, Vt., Dec. 13, 1910, under Act of March 3, 1879.



Editorials



Rutland High School has opened her doors on another year, and let us hope that it will be the best of all in every way. We trust the members of the school will take a greater interest in THE OREAD than in preceding years, not only by subscribing for it, and otherwise aiding it financially, but by contributing stories and poems and news items. This is the School Paper and we welcome the assistance of everyone who wishes to try to make it interesting. We would also be grateful if some one would design a cover for use when there is no occasion for a special design. The Local Department is going to be the best THE OREAD has had for some years, and we ask that everyone, not only the reporters, be on the lookout for locals. The year has certainly begun well, and we feel sure that all will help to prove the truth of the old saying: "Well begun is half done." When reading THE OREAD please read it all, not omitting the advertisements for from

them comes a large part of our income. If anyone can secure a new advertisement go and see Morse, the Business Manager, about it, as soon as possible. If you have a story or anything which you wish to have printed in THE OREAD, please hand it in when the material is called for, because it makes it very much easier to get the paper out on time, when this is done.

This year we welcome to Rutland High a very large and a very green Class of Freshmen, but they will soon learn the ways of the school and become grave and dignified as becomes High School Students. We also welcome three new members of the Faculty, Miss Thomas, the German Teacher, Miss Moore, the English Teacher, and Mr. Bridges, the Science Teacher, and we hope, that, by the end of the year, they will like us so much, that, they will be willing to stay another year. With an earnest request for the cordial co-operation of all who wish to make THE OREAD a success we conclude this editorial.

Class Will

We, the class of Nineteen Hundred and Fourteen, of the Rutland High School, city of Rutland, county of Rutland, state of Vermont, being in perfect health of body, and of sound and disposing mind, but realizing that we shall soon leave this place of work and play, do hereby make this, our last will and testament.

Verna Aldrich wills her Monday morning excuses to Ruby Hazelton.

Marion Anthony and Helen Hanley will their serious dispositions to Blanche LaVallee.

Whiff Beane leaves his position of hot-air merchant to Robert Morse.

Raymond Branchaud leaves his habit of grinding to Al. Proctor.

Harry Carruth bequeaths his beloved mirror to Herbert Moore.

Ray Beane and Dorothy Condo and Tom Norton and Jean McCammon leave their secluded places in "Lover's Lane", (the erstwhile school corridor) to Speck McMinn and Helen Stafford and Clarence Fagan and Mae Ward.

Irene Casey and Dena Richmond leave their option on the senior mirror to Isola Jerry, Helen Bourquin and Marjorie Spencer.

Mike Miner leaves his precarious position as target for the sharpshooters to anyone who can fill the vacancy.

Red Wing bequeaths his oratorical effects to Ted Knapp.

Guy Coolidge wills his white socks and shoes to Leroy Bigelow.

Jinks Murray bequeaths his remaining supply of tea-lead, (it must be rather small) to Joe Eaton, with sincere wishes that Joe succeeds in getting the same vantage point from which to distribute it.

Moore and Lucarini, the tireless mail-clerks of the Senior postal service, leave their much-abused station to Dawson and Townsend.

Kay Kinsman leaves her heavy correspondence to Dot Burbank.

Gordon Landon wills his playthings to Henry Roberts, with the advise, that he keep them discreetly hidden.

Edw. Earle leaves his capability as "property man" at the R. H. S. play, to Raymond Dyer.

Paul Pelton, Gordon Landon, Dick Thomas and Guy Coolidge will their almost incredible ability at reading between the lines in Virgil to Ruth Clark, Florence Bucklin and Marjorie Spencer.

Cel Purdy wills the artistic part of his hair to Speck McMinn.

Calvi leaves his well tested model of an invitation to a young lady, to Dildene.

Harold Young leaves his deep resounding voice to Earle Fox.

Funny Johnson wills his ever-present "stogy" to Hilarian Dawson.

Eva LaRose wills her enviable French pronunciation to Robt. Morse.

"Slim" Mace bequeaths his Middlebury crush to William Townsend, if he can get her.

Monette wills his interest in the West Rutland branch of the street railway to Bob Aldrich.

Monty wills his cane to be used in turn by all the "Lame Ducks" in the Junior Class.

"Murph" leaves his experience with cigarettes on the Washington trip, to Ted Knapp, with precautions, not to smoke more than 40 or 50 a day, to start with, as he *might* get sick.

Earle Pelsue leaves his giggle to Robert Worthen.

Pexton leaves *all* interest in girls to Fred Brigham.

"Mart" Rowe leaves that look of injured innocence to Tom Courcelle.

Charlie Schmitt leaves his efficiency in "doping out stuff for THE OREAD, to Frank Wade.

Mabel Schryer leaves her absolute decorum to Mona Crowley.

Charlotte Smith wills her self-composure while conducting a class-meeting to the vice-president of 1915.

Robert Sullivan bequeaths his gum to Marie Parmenter, the dignified one.

Timbers leaves his conscientiousness in studying (with the book bottom side up) to Bob Robinson.

Rena Wing wills her long rides to anyone

in the B. Class who has an interest in the automobile business.

Dorothy Smith leaves her sensible "stride" to Isola Jerry and trusts the fashions will permit her to adopt it.

"Pete" Smith bequeaths his newly discovered dish, "shoulder of chicken," to any lover of chickens.

Paul Pelton bequeaths to Cy Kingsley his lady "sympathizers".

Marion Davy wills her "anti" views on grinding to Barbara Russell.

Marc Gilbert bequeaths his wealth of hair to Frank Foster.

Louise Reynolds wills her red cheeks to A. McCloy.

McIntyre wills his thriving young grocery business to Welch, in favor of the medical profession.

We would like to have Clare Coolidge will her ardent adoration of auburn hair to someone, (but to quote Miss C.) "It's *perfectly* impossible."

John Gaynor wills his brilliant history recitations to Bob Aldrich.

Gorton leaves his whispering abilities to Homer—but he says Homer should worry!

Emily Davison wills her "curls" to Lillian Sagar.

Gertrude Cline leaves her vocal attainments to Dorothea Reynolds.

Frank Coleridge leaves his fondness for dancing to Frank Wade.

Emma Brunsell wills her morning (noon and night) constitutionals to Pearl Nichols and Hilma Anderson.

Gladys Billings bequeaths to Sally Clement her demure, retiring ways.

Miriam Cooper wills her ability in the dramatic line to Vera Perkins.

Catherine Corcoran wills her "rep" for excellent behavior to Eva Willetts.

"Deac" Crane bequeaths his title to Robert Marsh.

Knowlton Davison and "Nippy" Jones leave

their efficiency in drawing caricatures to Ronald Stafford and Mason Welch.

Mary Don Leavy leaves her excellent location in A., to Veda Richards, but Veda'll have to quit whispering some if she keeps it long!

Raymond Durfee wills his "mighty arm" to Don Sherwood.

Emmet Fagan and Bob Murdick will their "rosebud" complexions to Marjorie Slader and Gertrude Robertson.

Elizabeth Gouchoe leaves her ever-ready smile to Louise Archer.

Carl Johnson leaves his sporty time on the Washington trip, to Harry Rudin.

George Fish, bequeaths all of his information as to what "the book says" to Doris Sturtevant.

Pauline Archambault bequeaths to some poor unfortunate, her stock of well-sharpened pencils.

Joe LaVenture bequeaths her position as "Training-class Clown" to Eva Willetts.

To Alma Mater

With its girdle of mountain green,
Here in the hush of the valley,
Long in thy halls have we tarried,
O Alma Mater, dear.

But now that Commencement approaches,
When our class too shall depart,
Take us, we pray thee, and lead us
Up to the mountain top.

Then pointing where far towards the sunset
Lies our "City of Heart's Desire,"
Bid us "God-speed," as departing
We hurry with eager feet.

Swiftly thy portals leaving,
Through trails all unblazed we push
Onward, ever onward,
Till the goal itself is reached.

Yet through all that long swift journey,
From youth to the end of life,
Our love for our first Alma Mater
Kept warm in our hearts will be.

Yes, e'en when that journey is ended,
In memory oft will we come
Back to our own home city
And the school upon the hill.

The Class Prophecy

In writing the Class Prophecy it has been the usual custom to consult some reliable seer, or fortune teller, and let her do the work. Far be it from the present writers to break the time-honored custom. We hunted up a good fortune teller, gave her a list of names, and she did the rest—for a reasonable consideration.

It might be said before beginning that this fortune teller has left town recently. After what she has prophesied has been read, you will no doubt agree that Rutland would not be a healthy place for her.

Verna Aldrich seems to be the first victim. According to this, she is going to open a book store, selling Dickens' works mostly.

Pauline Archambault will sometime have plenty of pencils.

Marion Anthony in the near future will take over the management of the store on the corner.

Ray Beane will go to California.

Whiff Beane, in a year or two, will retire, and become a hermit.

Bemis is going to buy a real motor-cycle.

Gladys Billings will undoubtedly be a silent partner in one of our leading drug firms.

Raymond Branchaud will probably be a painful dentist.

Miss Brunsell and Miss Gouchoe will invent a new method of bookkeeping.

Ned Calvi is going to write a book on "How to Pick Peaches."

Harry Carruth will take over the management of the Combination.

Miss Casey and Miss Hanley will introduce a new system of shorthand.

Gertrude Cline, as a famous dressmaker, will devote her time to inventing new styles.

Frank Coleridge is bound to develop into a star hammer-thrower.

Dorothy Condo and Marion Davey are going to join the suffragettes.

Clare Coolidge and Miriam Cooper are positively going on the stage.

Guy Coolidge will one day be a renowned genealogist.

Catherine Corcoran and Mary DonLeavy will be famous as great speed experts on the type-writer.

Deak Crane and Howard Young will write an essay on "How to Look Wise". Illustrated by the authors.

Emily Davison and Mable Schryer will one day return to R. H. S. as teachers of French.

McIntyre, Davison and Rowe are going to form a large firm and run John Dunn out of business.

Durfee and Tommie Norton are going to become famous as chemists by their demonstration of a method to divide the atom.

Greaser Earle is going to run excursions to Fair Haven.

Gladys Eitapence will devote much of her time to selecting common-sense neckties. (He needs someone to look after him.)

Little Emmett will undoubtedly be President of the Rutland Street Railroad.

George Fish, of course, will be a lia—that is a lawyer.

Alice Fuller will distinguish herself as a mathematician.

Gaynor and Sullivan are going to be truant officers. They know all the tricks of the trade at any rate.

Marc Gilbert will be a writer of Weird stories.

Gorton and Pexton will join the police force, and vie with each other for Pat Conlin's reputation as the handsomest cop in Rutland.

Carl Johnson is going into the drygoods business. (Please note the emphasis on the dry.)

Funny Johnson is going to learn to run an automobile—sometime.

Nippy Jones is going to buy out Abrahams' soda fountain.

Katherine Kinsman will continue her studious habits, and be valedictorian again.

Gordon Landon will corner the market on alarm clocks. (Not that he needs them himself, of course, but just as a business venture.)

Ghosts

Perhaps you think there are no ghosts! And, of course, if you have made up your mind that way, I need not spend any time trying to convince you, for argument is thrown away on some people and,

"One convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still."

But a great many people believe in ghosts, among them Homer, Virgil, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson, and hundreds of others, both good and great; and you may think that over, so that, when a little later you've had more experience, you'll not be ashamed to be found in such good company. You say you do not believe in ghosts, and yet, if you have ever lived in the country, there is not one of you but knows of some lonely, quiet spot, perhaps a country graveyard, past which you could not possibly be persuaded to go alone at night. Why? You may think that over, too, while I tell you of three boys who believe very much in ghosts and cannot be persuaded otherwise and who will smile at you, shake their heads, and say they know, for—they've had experience. Experience? Experiences!

The first real time was the year after they had built the big new barn, near which the carpenter had left a huge pile of hewings, chips, bits of shingles, blocks and such things, dear to the heart of the boy who has to provide kindling for the fire. The pile had been so big that a whole year's use of it had not nearly exhausted it, and the three boys, Tom, and Bill, and Joe, were still rejoicing in the supply. They were expected always to have the morning's kindling wood in the house before nightfall, but boys sometimes forget, particularly when the first warm days of spring come on and there are so many things to be done and to be seen. So it happened to Tom and Bill and Joe. It was a soft, warm night in early June after a busy day outdoors, and everybody was tired and glad of a chance to sit down. The boys were just

Miss Larose will write French grammar.

Lucarini will be known as a Professor of English.

Mace will undoubtedly succeed his father-in-law as President of Middlebury College.

Jean McCammon is going to sell note paper—that is, all that she doesn't use up herself.

Mike Miner is going to write a book on how to get thin.

Joe Monnette, when the season opens, will go hunting deer. Or dears, I don't know which is correct.

Montgomery will positively obey the speed laws in his new car. (Probably the boat can't go fast enough to break them.)

Moore and Schmitt are going to be farmers.

Murdick will take over the management of the circulation department of the *News*.

Jenks Murray is going down to Mexico to give them lessons in sharpshooting. Earle and Miner can testify to his ability.

Pelsue will operate the Trudel Drug Co., specializing on quick deliveries.

Paul Pelton is going to let his hair grow long and become a real musician.

Cel Purdy will invent a new dance, called the Purdy Shuffle.

Dena Richmond is going to open a toy shop—horns being the specialty.

Louise Reynolds and Rena Wing will devote much of their time to their relatives in the clergy.

Dorothy Smith will run a candy store, with Prunes as a side line.

Walter Smith will become a great chicken fancier.

Dick Thomas is going to be Professor of German and Latin.

Timbers will make his fortune in the lumber business.

And last, but by no means least, is Red Wing, who is going to preach a crusade against the Tango.

about to go to bed, tired and sleepy, when suddenly Bill said, "The kindlings!" and there was nothing to do but get their baskets and drag their weary selves out to the well-known pile. There was no moon, but the stars gave a good light. The night was very still and a little mist, coming up from the meadow below the house, made the light a bit uncertain. In silence and haste they were filling the baskets when over the chips came a faint, dry, rustling sound, and Joe, looking round, could just gasp out, "See!" And right behind them, between them and the barn, was a shape, a bulk, a something with wings and eyes. They waited to see no more but got into the house in whatever way they could, and into bed, where they lay cowering and shivering many a slow-dragging minute before they could shut out the "sight" and go to sleep.

But boys forget their fears as well as their chores, and in the busy days of harvest the "Fearful Thing" grew dimmer and dimmer, till they thought they had seen the last of it, when suddenly it came upon them ten times more terrible than before. The summer had run along till the second week in July, into the midst of the wheat harvest, when one night the busy mother of the household needed something from the village store; besides, the mail had not been brought in and the father wanted the weekly newspaper. Of course the boys had to go, as all the men were too tired. There were two ways to the village, one, "round the road," about a mile, the other, the "short way" over the hill back of the house to the north. After topping the ridge of the hill the path fell suddenly down to the road again through a thick piece of woods about two hundred feet wide, winding in and out among the tree trunks, a dark place in summer. The road, where the path joined it, curved, with a long sweep, high above the bank of the creek to the southeast. Just at this turn of the creek some poor unfortunate had been drowned in the spring floods, and the boys had seen the white face and staring eyes of the dead when the men

had brought him up from the water only a few months before. By nature the place was "spooky," but now—! The boys thought they had time to reach the village and get back before it grew very dark and before the thin slip of a moon hanging in the western sky had disappeared. But the village-store gossip caught them, and by the time they got back to the woods path and the curve in the road only the stars of a summer night lighted their way. Putting Bill ahead and little Joe in the middle they entered the woods, with beating hearts and speechless lips. All went well, however, till they were nearly enough through the strip of woods to see the glimmer of stars out above the top of the hill ahead of them, when a sound like the brushing of downy wings against the leaves made their very hearts stand still. There right ahead of them in the opening of the path, stood something, filling the whole way from side to side, and seeming, for a moment, to wave its arms at them. In dumb terror they reached home, not once looking back,

"Because they knew, a frightful fiend
Did close behind them tread."

This time the memory of their fear clung to them more firmly than before, but grew weaker as time went on. And now the summer had slipped away into August, all the harvest had been housed and the time for a little rest before the fall sowing and corn-gathering had come. One Saturday, about the middle of the month, all the grown members of the family were to go off to some sort of harvest festival, leaving the three boys at home to see to things. They were to go fishing in the morning and in the afternoon were to take some grain to the mill to be ground. They had a fine time and good luck at their fishing, and after cleaning the fish and putting them away for supper, and eating the lunch spread for them in the morning by the good mother—but I must tell you about that lunch: cold chicken, a whole one, bread and butter, apple dumpling with cream and sugar, ginger bread, fresh peach pie, and "to top off

with," watermelon just off the ice—after lunch I say, they rather leisurely hitched up "Old Jerry" to the "jagger" wagon and started for the mill, three miles away, in time to get back before dark. It was warm and still and drowsy, a real Sleepy-Hollow afternoon, and the road lay along the creek all the way, much of it heavily shaded on both sides. It was good fun, therefore, for Bill and Joe to lie back on the grain sacks, while Tom poked Jerry along, listening to the katydids and locusts, and lazily—after that lunch—carelessly letting the time drift along. About half-way of the distance was a very long stretch of thick woods, nearly all evergreen, and through this the road was narrow and difficult and sometimes steep. At one place, in particular, it went sharply down, between two high banks to a bridge very much like that over which Gunpowder thundered with the luckless Ichabod. When they reached the mill the sun was already more than half-way down to the west, and by the time their grist was ground, evening was upon them and their fears began to come back. It was vain to try to hurry the old horse, and when they entered the evergreen woods, night had fallen dark except where the new moon glimmered here and there through the thick leaves. Everything seemed to be going all right till, just at the bridge Jerry stopped, and there came to their ears, on the still air, a quavering, shuddering sound filling all the woods. There right before them, between the two high banks above the bridge, filling the whole space and stretching up, the "thing" of their fears and their dreams, like Milton's Satan, dilated stood. Bill and Joe fell backward from the seat and hid their heads in the meal sacks, while poor Tom could only lay the whip on Old Jerry in the vain hope of hurrying him, and as they passed the dread place that weird, shivering cry came over them again. How they got home they never could tell, though perhaps Jerry could if he were still living. Of one thing I am sure: they never forgot that night. and you don't believe in ghosts? Ask Tom and Bill and Joe. X.

The Result of a Broken Ankle

It had been hard to persuade them to send Virginia to college, but finally she had won out. Her parents were dead and she lived with her uncle and aunt in Pokegamo, Oregon.

"Virginia had al'a's been terrible ambitious anyway," as Aunt Susie told folks. They had wanted her to go to the seminary nearby but Virginia was not to be satisfied with anything but going to Whitney College in Washington. She wanted to see something of the world besides Pokegamo.

At last the day came for her to go and Uncle John drove her down to the little station in the old rickety wagon. As she boarded the train and looked out of the car window she realized that at last she, Virginia Wesley, was going out into the big, unknown world.

When she reached her destination she found the platform crowded with girls. Some were welcoming others and some looking forlornly about. An upperclassman noticed Virginia's forlorn look and remembering the way she had felt her Freshman year came toward her and said with a smile.

"Beg pardon, but could I give you any information as to where your house is? My name is Helen Billings, what is yours, dear?"

She was so kind, so pleasant, that Virginia drew a breath of relief to think that at least one of the great swarm of girls about her might be called a friend.

"I am going to the 'Franklin House', 10 Belville Terrace," she answered, "I would be ever so much obliged if you could tell me where it is—please." Her long, black lashes dropped upon her cheeks, as she uttered the final word, covering up those great, big, flashy, black eyes that so plainly told of her loving, affectionate nature.

"Oh, how lovely! I'm going there too. Isn't that great that we're together! Queer I should have spoken to you, wasn't it? Come with me in this cab. Have you seen to your trunk?" And thus their friendship began. The following day classes began, which meant work for all.

Virginia was popular at once. And often you

might hear someone call, "Virg, let's take a tramp to 'Pine Tree', I'm starved." And Virginia would go. She was always happy and cheerful and everyone loved her.

One afternoon Helen Billings came into the room with an open letter in her hand.

"Oh Virg, I've got a letter from Billy, my brother, you know, and he and a fellow from home are coming up tonight. I can't fuss both so you'll have to take Bill."

"Poor Bill—well, I'll do it, only I'm sorry for him."

But if when "poor Bill" was sent home at ten o'clock he had been asked if he needed pity I fear he would have answered in the negative.

When the holidays came Virginia did not go home to Pokegamo as Aunt Susie's letters were not very "welcome home" sounding and you can imagine her joy when Helen asked her to come home with her.

Never had such a good time been imagined by Virginia Wesley before! There were dances, sleigh-rides, theatre-parties and all that one could imagine or want. And Billy was with her in everything.

Two nights before they went back Helen had a dance at her home. In the midst of it all Virginia, who was dancing with Billy, turned her ankle and someone stepped on the up-turned foot.

"Billy, I guess we will have to stop awhile it hurts pretty bad." They went out into the hall but almost before they had gotten there she clutched his arm, saying in a faint voice, "Catch me, Billy—quick!"

She fainted and he gently carried her upstairs. Helen came up and she soon was herself again. She did not go down again, nor did Billy, as he pleaded being tired, too. The moon was full and shone in on them as they sat by her window. The ankle had suddenly stopped aching or at least she did not realize it did, so busy were they in their dreams.

But the following morning she realized it ached and when the doctor bound it firmly in

a cast she realized it still more. Of course, with a broken ankle she could not return to college so Helen went alone, leaving Billy to entertain Virginia.

When the ankle was better she returned to Whitney again. But it was different now. How much can happen in just one single year! She had come in September lonesome and longing for love from someone and now she went back happy and with that which stood for a great love shining on her little left hand.

F. M. D., '17.

Doing Math.

Chewing her pencil with many huge sighs,
A damsel sat, and her dreamy eyes
Gazed out of the window and far away.
The air was clear, 'twas a glorious day,
The leaves were falling, the sky was blue,
The sun shone bright and—her dress was new.
"Spose Jim will want to play tennis to-night?
What if he should play with that horrid Sue Wright?
Some say she's cute, but how, I can't see,
Her hair doesn't curl, and she's as fat as can be!"
Thus mused the damsel, and before her spread
Papers galore and a book which read—
"Algebra," in letters of blue.
Out of the silence the town clock struck two.
The maiden jumped and grabbed her lead,
Scribbled wildly and shook her head.
"Fifteen minutes and twelve problems to do,
That teacher is cruel! I can only do two!"
The gong clanged once, the maiden moaned;
"I can't do Math!" she stormily groaned.
The gong struck twice, and up the long hall
The maiden hurried to the class-room small.
Down the hall came a smiling lad
Who slipped a note to the maiden sad,
"Will you go for a spin at half-past four?"
Simply that and nothing more.
Wearily the teacher jotted down another zero,
Smilingly the damsel took her flunking like a hero.

B. R., '15.

Foster has got a pretty bad eye, but he says you ought to see the other fellow.

Mr. Bridges, Chem., calling roll, "Morse?"
Muffled noise from the rear. "Uh!"
Something hit-cha, Cag?

The Salted Fudge

"Dotty Paige, go right back to your candy or it will burn!"

Fairfax was a co-educational college, and, as the boys said, "Every girl had a sweet tooth." They neglected to mention that one of the reasons why they played such mean tricks on the girls was that they seldom received any of the "eats" that they prepared.

This particular night a large proportion of the Senior girls were gathered in Dotty Paige's room, making fudge, or rather, Dotty was making the candy and the rest of the girls were conversing together.

The dutiful Dotty returned to her chafing dish and soon had the fudge poured into the pan.

"Doesn't it look lovely! I know it's going to taste fine!" exclaimed Flossie, who was always hungry.

"I reckon you-all are some cook," drawled Virginia Lloyd, a Southern girl.

And many other remarks were made before Dotty could make herself heard. Finally she shouted above the noise: "If you would give me a chance to overcome my blushing confusion at all these flattering compliments, I would announce something important."

Instantly the room became quiet.

"I only wanted to say," she continued, "that considering our poor Flossie's failing for fudge, it is our duty to allow her to 'scrape the dish,' while the rest of us will fold our hands in patience until it hardens."

She presented the dish to Flossie with a bow, and the other girls sank back on the floor with sighs.

Flossie began to "scrape" industriously, and the other girls had entirely forgotten her presence, when a cry of pain was heard. They turned to see Flossie with a terrible expression on her face and her hands clapped over her mouth. They all asked at once what the matter was, and, receiving no answer, each one had a different theory for the trouble.

"She's going to faint! Look how pale she is!" cried Janet.

"She's cut her lip," Marie decided.

"She's swallowed a pin!"

"No, she's hurt her hand!"

"You're all wrong. It's the fudge that caused it. It's ptomaine poisoning," groaned Helen Richardson in sepulchral tones.

At this last decision, Flossie sat bolt upright and glared. "It's not ptomaine poisoning," she declared hotly, "Dotty must have put salt in the fudge!"

They all looked at her aghast.

"That's just what I did! I had about the same amount of salt and of sugar and they were both in cans. I didn't stop to examine them very closely, as I was quite sure I had the right can. But I see now that I must have taken the salt."

Some moaned and some laughed until the tears came. Most of them had begun to go out of the room when Madge Kennedy a very witty girl, burst out: "Why, you mustn't give up like that! We can have some fun out of the fudge, even if we can't eat it. We'll give it to the boys!"

Two innocent looking girls were chosen the next morning to give the salted candy to some of the male members of the institution.

"We made two pans and we knew you would appreciate one of them," they said very sweetly.

The boys took it gratefully and the girls might have regretted their act, had they known the nice things said about them before the candy was tasted.

But neither the compliments nor what the boys underwent were ever heard by the girls. The victims took the teasing that they received in perfect good nature and the girls thought that for once they had scored. But some of them are still wondering why they weren't invited to the dance that occurred a few nights later.

R. R. C., '15.

Post office closed at Norwich. For information ask S. Cut—.

Athletic Notes

CLASS GAMES

The football season opened with the Freshman-Sophomore game in which the Sophomores had an easy victory, Predom and Olney starring for the Freshman and McMinn, Vose and Hyland starring for the Sophomores.

The following day the Senior-Junior game took place. This was by far the best game of the series, the Juniors winning by a score of 7 to 6, Horan, Sullivan, Shangraw, Homer, and Welch starring. Although the Juniors won, the Seniors played a steadier and more consistent game.

The final game of the series was played on the following Saturday. This game was won by the Sophomores by a score of 7 to 6. This victory gives the Sophomore class the privilege of holding the football cup until the following football season. This victory also gives the class of nineteen-seventeen a chance to gain permanent possession of the football cup.

VARSITY NOTES

The school team, which is under the supervision of Mr. Bridges, is making a fine showing in practice and there are very good indications of a successful season.

Those who are trying for positions on the team are as follows: Bora, Hyland, Proctor and Lee (Quarterbacks), Aldrich and Flynn (Fullbacks), McMinn, Horan and Sullivan (Halfbacks), Vose, Dwyer, Thompson and Olney (Ends), Dyer, Sullivan, Noyes, Cady and Captain Homer (Tackles), Brigham and Marsh (Guards), Waite and Marsh (Center).

The following games have been arranged by Manager Welch:

T. C. A. at Rutland, Saturday, Oct. 3.
Rutland at V. A., Saturday, Oct. 10.
Rutland at Bristol, Wednesday, Oct. 14.
Burlington at Rutland, Saturday, Oct. 24.
Bristol at Rutland, Wednesday, Oct. 28.

Middlebury College 2nd at Rutland, Wednesday, Nov. 11.

Rutland at Middlebury, Wednesday, Nov. 18.
Rutland at Poultney, Saturday, Nov. 21.

The school team played their first game with T. C. A. on Saturday, October 3, at Rutland. The home team played a better all-around game than their opponents but the game was won by T. C. A. by a score of 7 to 0. The home team was outweighed and was also handicapped by the fact that they played their first game against a team that had already played two games.

Although the team lost their first game they are showing up well and the prospects are that they will have a very good season.

Alumni Notes

Verna Aldrich, '14, is taking a course at the Rutland Business College.

Clare Collidge, '14, is at Wellesley College.

Marion Davy, '14, has entered the Rutland Hospital to take the Nurses' Training Course.

Jean McCammon, Gladys Eitapence, Emily Davison, Mabel Schyer, Marion Anthony, George Jones and Robert Murdick of the Class of 1914 are taking Post-Graduate courses at the Rutland High School.

Catherine Corcoran, '14, has a position at the Bardwell.

Thomas Norton, '14, has entered U. V. M.

Katherine Kinsman, '14, has entered Wellesley College.

Dorothy Condo, '14, is in school at San Jose, California.

Raymond and Wilford Beane, '14, and Emmet Fagan, '14, are attending Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.

Alice Fuller, Louise Reynolds, Guy Coolidge, and Paul Pelton, '14, have entered Middlebury College.

Bill Canty, '13, has entered Dean Academy.

Maud Martin, '13, is teaching school in North Shrewsbury.

Janet Fairfield, '13, has entered Oberlin College at Oberlin, Ohio.

George Swinnerton, '13, of Buffalo, N. Y., recently visited his parents in this city.

Marion Cocklin, '13, has returned from Hyde Manor at Sudbury, Vt., where she was stenographer during the summer.

Frances Dunn, '13, is taking Nurses' Training Course at the Rutland Hospital.

Ethel Adams, '12, has returned to Cambridge, Mass., where she attends the Sargent School.

Belle Hayward, '11, has entered Simmons College.

Earl Colvin, '10, of Boston, visited relatives in this city recently.

Locals

Great Big Senior: "Say have you heard the latest? We're only going to have six periods this year."

Brand New Freshman: "Won't that be great? When we use those up we won't have to write any more."

Miss C. (translating Virgil): "He brought forth a quiet head from the deep sea."

Stand back fellers, give 'em air.

Mr. Bri—ges, Chem.: "Lyman, what are the properties of oxygen?"

L—man, looking intelligent: "It is flexible."

That is probably why they give it to people who can't move.

Advice to Stub Sher—ood: "Retard the Spark before cranking."

Miss B. (thoughtfully reciting Virgil vocab.): *Antrum*—"A neuter cave."

It isn't alive, you know.

Mr. T.: "What is it you set on a table?"

Complacent Senior: "A chair."

That boob thinks he's at the show.

Ask Tom Hase—ll how he came out on that 50 cent bet.

Miss N.: "What is hexameter?"

Knapp: "A six-footed line."

Them there centipedes is dangerous, boy.

Fox in M. M. History, claims that a person living in 800 A. D. wouldn't be alive now.

You guessed wrong that time, "honey".

Miss C— in A. Eng.: "They have set two chairs on the porch."

Mr. T.: "Yes, two of course."

R. Morse, '15, is back from "the woods".

Ask Jessie C., '15, how long since she moved up on Lincoln Avenue.

L—man, '15, has got to quit making a race track out of Room A.

Al Proctor is going to keep his new shoes.

That Chem. class have got to hand it to Mr. Foster for them "distinguishing features".

"Olaf" Homer is a Senior now.

Miss Rich—rds can't stuff those M. M. History sharks, she says England is west of France, when we all know it's directly south.

Say, fellers, don't get scairt; Miss Tibb—ts sez she won't kid ya very bad.

Miss Nich—ls has the honor of putting the "can" in incandescent.

Mlle. Meldon: "*Je pense un Allemand faisent ce livre.*"

Miss B. (thinking hard): "An animal?"
Don't try to kid the instructress.

R. Pe—rs—ns, '16, is trying to enforce some of his own rules at R. H. S.
You can't do that these days, boy.

NOTICE: While working on the field, Freshmen are requested not to muss the ground.

Hor—n, French Star: "*Le garçon est dans la banc.*" The boy is in the bench.
Better let him out, Flick.

J—yce H—nly, '17, has discovered that you can see better at night if the lights are on.

Miss But—on: "Make an outline for the Tale of Two Cities, Franklin's method."

Owens: "Who is Franklin? I thought Dickens was the author."

W—lch in A Eng.: "He met whomever he stopped." English must be Mr. W's favorite study.

Members of the A English class have found that an Anti-Saloonist isn't the kind that leans against the building.

Miss N., Fresh. Latin: "Give the case endings for the Genitive plural."

Fresh. (timidly): "The endings are just what I don't remember."

You don't want to let the teacher know it, you boob.

Near the close of Physics period an intelligent Junior asked: "Is this the Physics class reciting?"

That feller must have lost his dog.

H—scall, '15, is looking for a queen he cannot fuss.

They all know ya, Tom.

Miss Th—mas, C. French: "Horan, what's the matter?"

The French star (quickly): "*Demain.*"

Some people remind us of our "hairy ancestors".

Teacher Chem.: "What is an explosion?"
Bright S.: "An explosion is a big noise usually followed by a free ride."

Knowing Soph.: "Cæsar got married, then fled for his life." Some flea!

Nip. J., P. G.: "See here, just because I paid for this all the rest of my life, you needn't think I'm going to pay now."

Teacher: "What is gender?"
Freshie: "Gender tells us whether man is masculine, feminine or neuter."

Miss Button, D. Eng.: "How did the throng make their getaway?"

Hin—y: "They made it with nothing on."

Miss B.: "You might use more flowery language."

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Exchanges

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The Student: "Your article on 'Field Work of the Biology Class' is very clever. Why not develop a literary department?"

What makes an onion stem hollow?
Nothing.

Ex.

Don't put these jokes too near your face,
Or you'll be blown to chowder.
It's dangerous to place dry things
So near a store of powder.

Ex.

Chemistry Student: "It is claimed that the human body contains sulphur.

Girl Friend: "In what amount?"

C. S.: "Oh, varying quantities."

G. F.: "Maybe that is why some girls make better matches than others."

A eat *sedebat* on our fence,
As *laeta* as could be;
Her *vox surgebat* to the skies,
Cantabat merrily.

Ex.

He: "Do you know anything about golf?"
She: "Absolutely nothing, I wouldn't even know how to hold my caddy properly."

WHEN TO STUDY

Don't study when you're tired
Or have something else to do,
Don't study when you're happy,
For that would make you blue,
Don't study in the daytime,
And don't study in the night,
But study at all other times
With all your might.

Ex.

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The Oread

VOL. VIII.

NOVEMBER, 1914.

No. 6

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THE OREAD is published monthly during the school year by the students. Subscription price, 75 cents a year. Single copies, 10 cents.

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office at Rutland, Vt., Dec. 13, 1910, under Act of March 3, 1879.



Editorials



The European war is probably the most talked of and most engrossing topic of to-day; for it effects not only Europe but the whole world. America feels it on account of her commerce, for the sea is practically closed to all commerce. If you look you will be surprised to find how many things bear the mark "Made in Germany". But this way a fine opportunity for the manufacturing interests of the United States for now as in Revolutionary times, she will have to produce for herself those things which formerly she imported from foreign countries.

Probably no one except a very few know the real causes of this awful war. Germany claims that she is fighting for German culture, but few of the civilized countries can understand why (if she is fighting for culture although it may be German) her soldiers deliberately, it seems, destroy some of the most beautiful and valuable pieces of art in the world. Some claim that Germany is jealous of England. The immediate cause of the war was

of course the trouble between Austria and Servia. There now is practically no doubt as to the fact that that the German Emperor has been preparing for sometime for a great war which would involve all Europe if not the whole world.

Wilhelm II must have had an unpleasant surprise when he found that the brave Belgians would not yield to his cruel demands without strong resistance. The whole world admires the splendid courage of the Belgians. The Germans have done great damage to the towns of France by their Zeppelins but so far have not been able to cross to England.

Let us hope that this cruel war will soon end and that it will be the last for all time.

The next issue of the Oread will be the Freshman number. Freshman please do your best and try to have the best Freshman number the Oread has ever had.

The Cross Country Flight

"I DEFY you, yes, and other American competitors who will undertake to start in the cross continent aeroplane race tomorrow morning, to win the prize of \$100,000 offered by William Cooper of New York City," Jules Frey.

Thus read the notice which had been tacked on the door of Jimmy Ward's hangar on Mineola Aviation field. "So the Frenchman is positive of winning the race," remarked Jimmy after reading the challenge to his friend William Chambers.

James Ward and his friend, William Chambers, had entered with their powerful 140 h. p. monoplane which they had built during their summer vacation, to compete in the great cross continent flight. Their monoplane "The Bullet" so named because of its odd shape and great speed, was a passenger carrying machine, and it was the intention of the boys to both take part in the race.

They were just returning from a hard day's labor of tuning up their 'plane when they met Jules Frey going to his hangar.

"Good evening, Mr. Frey," cried out both boys at the same moment.

"Bon jour," answered M. Frey, "I suppose you think you are going to compete with me and win the race". To this he added a snickering laugh and hurried on his way.

"I don't care exactly for that fellow," said William.

"I have no love for him myself," added Jimmy. The boys wondered why the French aviator was going to his shed at that time of day, but it was none of their affairs so they let the matter drop.

The next morning—the starting day of the race—the boys arose early and hurried down to the field. Upon unlocking their shed, they discovered that someone had tampered with the lock during the night. Their suspicions at once turned toward the Frenchman. The young aviators pondered a little at what Frey would want in their hangar, but as no damage was done to "The Bullet," the incident was soon forgotten.

A careful examination of their machine was made before they wheeled it out to the starting point. Frey was already on the field with his 160 h. p. gnome Deperdussin. Several other competitors were also out making ready for the start.

At ten o'clock the signal was given, and with their powerful motors roaring defiance, seven speedy aeroplanes leaped into the air on the start of the great cross continent flight. Jimmy was at the wheel while Will kept the motor singing at its best. They were flying side by side with Jack Brindley another competitor, until they reached New York. While directly over the city, Jack's motor began to miss a little and then it suddenly stopped. The boys felt sorry for their friend having such hard luck at the beginning of the long race. They did not worry as to his danger in finding a suitable landing place, as the altitude in which they were flying would easily enable him to glide to a smooth Jersey meadow.

The first city the boys stopped at for fuel was Philadelphia. A few seconds after the boys landed the Frenchman came swooping down with a dead motor, and almost crashed into them as they were taking their machine off the field. Of the seven that started only five arrived at Philadelphia.

Having filled their fuel tanks with gasoline and oil, they started their motor and left the field a few minutes before Frey. Frey was not long in catching up with the young aeronauts, because of his greater power and speed. As he was passing he flew directly over them, giving their machine the full wash of the air from his propeller.

Had not it been for the boys' great skill in handling their craft, they would have—as many air-men have done—crashed to the earth below. Their thoughts were after the narrow escape—that the French aviator was trying to put them out of the race. "Gee, that was a close one," shouted Jimmy to his companion after Frey had gone by. "Never mind," replied William, "we shall win after all in spite of his mean tricks".

While flying over Ohio, the boys encountered several rain storms, and were twice struck by

lighting. "The Bullet" was quite severely damaged by fire, but as the boys carried many spare parts it was easily repaired.

The flight over the Rocky Mountains of the west almost ended disastrously. A heavy fog enveloped the earth, and Bill, in fear of getting out of direct air line flew as low as possible. He kept on a 1,000 foot elevation thinking that was high enough to pass over the mountains in that vicinity. Suddenly a large black object rose up front of them. The youthful aviators acted rapidly. Each performed what he thought best. Jim increased the power of engine to its limit, while Chambers pushed forward the steering wheel, gave the rudder a quick turn and banked to the right as much as possible. By doing this he gained momentum and turned at a dangerous angle to avoid crashing in to the mountain peak. These high mountains were avoided by the other competitors of the race by taking a much longer route. The young aeronauts had taken great chances in crossing over the high peaks, but they had relied on their skill in guiding their craft through the treacherous air currents above the rocks.

Nothing more unusual happened until "The Bullet" was directly over the city of San Francisco. Bill, who was looking for the marked landing place, was flying quite low when suddenly a cylinder of their engine blew out and the motor came to a sudden stop. This was caused mostly by the continuous strain on the motor since the start and by overheating in crossing the ranges. The nearest field the boys could observe was about three miles from them. But the aeroplane with both boys to support at its greatest gliding angle could go no more than two miles. It was plain to the boys that some of the weight must be released in order to save their lives. Then a thought the safety parachutes which were attached to their backs at once came to Jim's mind. The automatic parachute was one of the numerous aeronautical contrivances invented by the boys while they were working on their aeroplane. Jim took what weight he could carry and leaped off into space.

Bill knew without any explanation the cause of Jim's action. This indeed would be a final test on the new parachute.

Down, down, down, plunged Jim, his extra weight carrying him at a terrific speed. His one thought was "Would the parachute open?" He had about given up all hope when suddenly the ropes tightened and he came to such an abrupt stop that he almost dropped the suit cases he was carrying. His rapid descent was stayed and he dropped more slowly until his feet touched the roof of a high hotel. The roof was crowded with spectators, and Jim was immediately carried off among loud shouts and cheers.

The sudden release of Jim's weight gave Will a few exciting moments. But he soon had "The Bullet" under control. He now glided at a less angle in hopes of reaching the clear field. The youth was nearing the meadow when he saw that a tall tree still directly in his path. He knew that he would scrape the topmost branches and perhaps turn turtle by catching the wheels in the limbs. Will thought it best to gather speed by decreasing his gliding angle and rely on gravity to help him tear directly through the branches, in this thought he was correct.

Will's speed was so great that his whole landing chassis was torn off in his swift progress through the branches of the tree. However, he managed a fairly good landing.

Jim arrived five minutes later with the large crowd who had gathered to see the finish of the great cross continent race.

Jim rushed over to his companion at once and informed him that they were the first to reach the goal and the \$100,000 prize was waiting for them at the office of Mr. Cooper in San Francisco.

The following day two more competitors came gliding down the field only to be informed that they had been beaten. They reported to the boys that Jules Frey had tried to pass one of them and in doing so climbed at such an angle that his machine got "stalled" in midair. The result was that his machine was completely demolished and the Frenchman severely injured.

The boys were extremely sorry over the foreigner's accident, and before they left the city, they paid him a visit at the hospital. After sending their aeroplane, the boys left San Francisco, each with a check of \$50,000. They arrived home one day after the college had opened. The challenge which Frey had sent the boys is now framed and hung in the chums' college room. They often think of Jules Frey and wonder why he had so much confidence in himself towards winning the race.

Favorite Pastimes in Room One

Miss Wilkinson; Drawing Pictures.
 Townsend; Training his pompadour.
 Miss Simpson; General School Jester.
 Purcell; Talking to Angeline.
 Miss Pond; Working for A's.
 Winslow; smiling at the girlies.
 Miss Tyrell; Eating Peanuts.
 Miss Parmenter; Simply "mute" all around.
 Miss Roberts; Pulling Adela's hair.
 Spencer; Going to church Sunday nights.
 Vose; Collecting coin to engrave class cup and talking to R. W.
 Miss Miner; Doping out Geom.
 Miss Williams; General "Smiler".
 Miss Walker; Looking around.
 Williams; Walking with a—(can)e.
 Sturtevant; Yawning.
 Rice; Hunting for Hattie.
 Miss Morse; I hain't got no English s'mornin.
 McMinn; Writing Themes?
 Peck; Trying to behave in Lab.
 Miss Learned; The "Good Girl".
 Miss A. White; Getting that English.

Miss Chatterton; "Ma canif est rented" (Some French.)

O'Brien; Be the Germans goin ta win?

Miss Wickham; Goin to be there with the music?

M. Thompson, Whistling Max.

Sullivan; Fighting.

Marsh; Mumbling and taking everbodys blame.

Roach; Drumin up trade for McKay.

Moloney; Gazing at the ceiling.

Radigan; Calling, up on East Washington St.

Miss McCormack; Simply "there" in French.

Miss Pierce; Gee, this Comm. course is harder than I thought.

Miss Jerry; Tormenting Miss Nelson.

Miss Hinchy; Writing "them" notes.

Cooper; Wal the last time I was over the Notch it—

Brown; Developing Pictures.

Miss Hindley; Safety first (What da ya mean?)

Miss Archer; Trying to behave.

Pearsons; Swapping 'em (late hours)

Adams; And it was nine o'clock when I got home but "maw" wan't there so "icibibble."

Horan; Ça bo bien.

Proctor; General Cut-up.

Aldrich; Sneezing and smoking.

Miss Kelley; Looking innocent.

Miss Cutler; Borrowing Books and looking sweet.

Creed; Making date for "Hooky" N.

Miss Amidon; I hain't in the class no more.

Miss Archambault; "And I was going after "beech" nuts.

Miss Seward; doing Book-keeping.

E. Thompson; Studying Physics.

P. Morrissey; Talking.

R. Connors; Sharpening pencils.

Miss Snyder; Talking in corridors.

Miss Thomas; Well! we thank her for past pleasures and hope they will continue.

A Successful Failure.

My wife and I were comfortably settled in our flat. For three months we had led an ideal life. My income was already sufficient to support us well and I had every reason to expect another promotion. My wife had an economizing disposition, determined to do the work alone.

"Servants are not always what they should be," she said. In vain I pleaded that she needed some one to assist her. To this she would not consent (however). As she was the only child of a well to do family I had my doubts about her knowledge of house work. I do not think she ever did a day's work in that line before for she had been tenderly reared. But she said, "I have taken a course in domestic science and mother has taught me some about housekeeping. Her attempts at cooking were not at all what she wished them to be. Again I urged that we hire a servant but she remained firm. We agreed that the pies, cakes and bread should be bought.

So as I have said my life was very happy. Only one small cloud dimmed it in any way. It was Helen's little dog, fido, which she had insisted "must live with us." Not that he ever did anything very bad, dogs never do, he didn't. He did little things such as tearing up my evening papers, hiding my slippers and once his fine sharp teeth made a whole in my best overcoat. Now Helen thought a great deal of that pup even if he wasn't always what I wished he had been. She patiently bore his playful capers with much better grace than I did.

One morning I noticed a rather daring yet laughing look in Helen's eyes. What did it mean? I knew that something out of the ordinary would soon happen but what? All the morning that thought puzzled me.

As my car went at 12:05 o'clock I left my office at exactly twelve for I had about a block to walk to take the car. I had gone but a few steps when it began to rain very hard. I returned quickly to my office for an umbrella which I kept there for just such emergencies. It was not in its usual place. I looked hastily around the room. At last

I caught sight of the handle protruding from behind the desk. The umbrella must have fallen down. All this had taken time, I just had two minutes in which to get the car. I hurried out to the street and rushed up the walk. Just as I turned the corner I saw the car going past. I broke into a frantic run, I called to the motorman but he did not stop. He just called out "car's more than crowded now."

You can better imagine my feelings when I tell you that the next car would not come for half an hour, that I was three miles from home, that a cold north wind beat the rain against me uncomfortably, that I remembered the mysterious look on my wife's face and last but not least, that I hated to fail in anything. I saw that it was out of the question to try to go home that noon. So I went to a telephone booth, called Helen up and told her why I would not be home. She gave a little cry of disappointment then the solution of her peculiar behavior. She said, "Oh dear! I'm so sorry for I have made some biscuits"

Fearing the worst I quickly yet laughingly asked, "are they like mother used to make?" "Well, not quite," came the rather doubtful reply, but I think they are fairly good" "It certainly is a shame you can't come home you said you liked them so well."

"Say I know what I'll do I'll save them for tonight," I heard a much brighter voice say.

What was I to do? I remembered her past cooking even then. From what she had said about the biscuits I feared the worst. I knew I must never let her know how I felt about them. If they were saved I would certainly have to eat some. I was getting desperate when a bright thought came to me.

O' Helen I don't like them after they get cold. I simply can't eat them, I never could. Now you just let Fido take my place today, give him my share. I know he will be delighted with them and tomorrow you can make some more for me. Pleased at my evident interest in Fido she consented. I think she knew that I did not have much love for him.

As I did not go home at noon I left work as early as possible that night. On reaching home I found Helen in tears.

"Poor Fido is gone," she sobbed.

"Gone, where did he run away?"

"No, he is dead".

Although the blow was sudden to say the least, I confess I did not feel nearly as bad as I might have. In fact I think I experienced a grim satisfaction.

"But what was the matter with him, he wasn't sick when we were talking was he?"

"N-no, he was taken just after he had eaten."

"What did he eat?"

Only a few biscuits, you know you told me to give your share to him.

"How large were they, have you any left?"

"Yes, one, they weren't very large"

"Let me see it please I want to see how large they really are." She brought the biscuit and gave it to me. It was as hard as a piece of Flint. Wouldn't the German's like to get some of these though, they are harder than any cannon balls that have been invented yet I'll bet, I thought as I looked at it.

"How many did you say he ate?"

"About twelve"

"Poor fellow that is enough to kill any dog. I doubt if an ostrich with their wonderful digestion could stand even six.

I think she must have guessed something of my thoughts for I saw a different expression steal over her face. She took me to see poor Fido and as I looked at him my thoughts ran something like this;

Old fellow you saved me this time. You certainly were a brave dog to tackle those biscuits. I forgive all your dogish pranks freely. Then I thought, I am glad that I failed to reach the car. If I had not I might now be as poor Fido is.

That night Helen said to me, "Ned if you still wish it we will hire a girl next week. This morning I told myself that the biscuits were my last trial. If I failed I would give up. I have failed.

I comforted her as best I could, assuring her that from the first I had intended to hire some one as soon as she would let me.

Her failure had been a success as had mine. For all unconsciously she had destroyed my "cloud" Fido and discovered that she did need a servant.

Then I concluded that sometimes a failure may be a success although we do not always see it at once.

H. A. '16

Halset of the Flying Express

THE Flying Express slowed toward the station, and Fireman Halset, with face aglow with thought of what the future might hold, that mocked the grime of it, thrust his head out of the cab window. But what he saw caused it to go back again, quickly. The superintendent stood there, with back to him and a hand upon the shoulder of Bill Burke, fireman of 35, with whom he was talking earnestly. He did not even turn as his engine glided past.

When it came to a stop Halset threw in a shovel full or so of coal, then stuck his head out of the opposite window and looked at the side of a freight car. The grim was in strong evidence now, for the anticipation was gone.

Three minutes was the usual stop here, and Halset gazed steadfastly from the window till the conductor's signal came and he heard the engineer's hand on the throttle; and then, as the train was slipping away, he saw that the superintendent had walked a little way along the side of the track as though to speak with him. He smiled grimly at the failure to attract his attention. If Bill Burke was preferred, why, then let them take him. Even the position of Engineer of the Flying Express was not worth cringing for.

But as the train gathered speed and swept on, the firemen of the Flying Express carried a heavy heart in him. He had been working and preparing himself for the place ever since he had heard

the old engineer was going to retire, nearly a year before, and the superintendent had half promised it to him and said that he believed him perfectly competent. Then Bill Burke, of 35, had decided that he wanted the place, and had invented and circulated stories against Halset which many seemed to believe, and which Halset himself was too proud to notice or refute. And now the superintendent and Burke seemed to be on very friendly terms. Well, all right. He could look for a place on another road—though this promotion meant a great deal to him.

Halset's run was four hundred and fifty miles to the end of the east side division, where he slept for eight hours, and then return with the through night mail firing for the Flying Express the next day.

Bill Burke only went 100 miles a day with local 35, but it took as long for his slow train to go that distance as it did for Halset to reach the end of the division. Returning, the night mail passed 35 at Rapid, where the local was under orders to wait on a siding.

Burke would make just as good an engineer as Halset, so far as knowledge went; but he was careless, sometimes reckless, and always envious of those who got what he called "soft snaps," which he felt might have been his. So he was on a local, while Halset, of about the same age and experience, fired for the best train on the road. This rankled in the breast of the fireman of 35, and when he became aware that Halset would probably get the promotion to the best engine on the road, the rankling became a consuming jealousy. As there seemed little chance of his rival making a slip that would bring him into disfavor, some outside influence must be brought to bear. And of course that influence must be the fireman of 35.

With malicious eyes he had seen Halset lean through the cab window, and then turn quickly away. But for all that, what the superintendent had said to 35 was not much to his liking, for when the Flying Express had passed on and he sought his own train on the siding, it was with a dark and

lowering face. Something must be done at once, he decided, as he climbed into his own engine, before the superintendent should speak with Halset. Rapid would be a good place, for it was wild and lonely, and the time should be the next trip of Halset's with the night mail.

Less than an eight of a mile from Rapid was a long bridge, under which flowed a deep sluggish river. In the early days, soon after the building of the bridge, it had been considered safer for trains to stop at the ends, and then cross slowly, and orders had been issued to that effect. But for years such orders had been disregarded, and no accident occurred. Indeed if some over-cautious engineer of a fast train should happen to observe them and in consequence be a few minutes late, censure was almost sure to come from some high quarter—and so the engineers understood.

And as further evidence of the stability of the bridge, two fast trains, the up and down night mails, when on perfect schedule time, had of late been passing each other on the bridge at full speed.

But for all that the order had not been revoked, and should an accident happen on the bridge while disregarding it, woe to the engineer and his fireman, for some one would have to bear the blame. Bill Burke understood this too, as did all the other engineers of the line.

Bill did his work carefully, leaning to over-cautiousness rather than to risk. No one was likely to be upon the bridge for a half an hour or so before train time, but it was possible, and even in the night some prying eyes might see what was not ment for them.

So it was not until fifteen minutes before train time that he stole out upon the bridge—and then the work took longer than he thought.

As he rushed by Rapid under a full head of steam. Halset saw a half mile or so on the straight track in front, the headlight of the other train. They would pass as usual somewhere on the bridge.

A few seconds more, as he rushed toward the bridge, his headlight showed him a figure about midway, standing on the far side of the other

track, with head slouched in such away that his face could not be seen. Evidently he had not been able to get across in time. And just as evidently he was not aware of, or in the excitement of the moment had forgotten, the other train behind, for on that side there was not room for a man to stand off the track while a train passed.

At the instant of seeing, all this flashed through the brain of Halset, and his hand shot out with a peremptory "down brakes!" Then he dropped to the lower step of the cab. A wild plan was in his mind, impossible apparently, save that for it a life would be sacrificed. Then the figure raised his head, as though suddenly conscious that death was nearing him, and Halset saw it was Burke.

But all thought of differences between them was now in the background. Death was over, there and a life was to be snatched from him. Just before they were opposite, Halset sprang, throwing out his right arm struck Burke, knocking him backward and they went plunging down into the black icy water thirty feet below. And as they fell the fender of the on-rushing engine scarred the ankles of Burke, leaving life marks as a memento of his escape.

Halset's engine stopped midway on the bridge, the other whistled "down brakes" and came to a stop after the bridge was crossed. The crews of both trains hurried down to the bank of the river.

But the rescue was already effected, only it was Burke now, who, with numbed, bleeding ankles, was dragging Halset ashore.

"His right arm's is broken, I think," he said, "and maybe he's bruised some. Now hurry and get him into his cab—and you might help me, too, for my legs seem sort of gone. It's time Halset's train was moving, while that of local 35 doesn't matter so much. My arms are all right, so I can do Halset's firing for him."

"But your own firing," mumbled Halset, thickly.

"My engineer can get one of the brakemen to do that. You and your train need me more now. And there's another thing, Halset, what you saw the superintendent speaking to me about was you.

He said he'd decided to give you the engine, and was advising me to be a little more careful so I could get promoted sometime. And—say," as though forcing himself to speak now, "some of the crew had better look over the bridge a bit, to see if---if everything's all right. A good many—tramps are round."

As they were making their way up the bank to the end of the bridge, one of the crew came hurrying back. His face was white. "There's some obstruction on the track just ahead of our engine," he gasped. "If we'd gone twenty feet farther we'd have run into it, and maybe jumped the track."

The eyes of the two firemen met. Those of 35 fell.

"Yes, Burke was examining the bridge for danger—when our trains nearly got him," Halset said, slow up. "There are a good many tramps around, and he realized the need of extra precaution. You see, his train had been waiting a half hour, and he may have seen something suspicious. Burke will do good work for the road in the future I'm sure." He held out his left hand feebly, which Burke took with limp fingers, which quickly became a strong, warm clasp. But Halset did not feel it—he had fainted.

A Close Call

A shrill cry sounded out. It broke the monotonous stillness of the forest and caused the scampering of many small creatures seeking places of shelter and refuge. Sam Chester recognized it at once as the cry of the dreaded and horrible animal known to the natives as the panther. He at once was all attention. His father and brother had been at a neighbor's since early morning and were due to arrive at any moment.

He stepped out into the night with ears alert to any sound and his eyes piercing into

the blackness beyond. Of a sudden he heard a twig snap and a moment later his brother and father stepped out from the foliage into the clearing. At the same moment he saw two glaring balls of fire over the unsuspecting couple. Giving a cry of warning, Sam swung his rifle to his shoulder and fired. The panther fell from his perch to the ground below where he turned quickly and was lost to sight.

Father and son were soon clasping hands in a clasp of the warmest and greatest friendship. Mr. Chester and his sons withdrew into the cabin, bolting the door after them.

"Oh, Sam," cried his younger brother after they were seated, "Mr. Peters says that there are some Iroquois Indians close around here. I hope they don't touch us. They burned Jake Solomon's house and killed his two daughters and his wife. He has vowed vengeance against the Indians."

"Well Zeke that may be true," answered his brother. "But we too have a most deadly enemy. As you know a wounded panther is not a gentle customer to come up against. Remember last spring when Les Smith wounded one and was killed by the same creature the next day? Well, times are getting strenuous, anyways."

This was in the year 1751. Mrs. Chester had died two years previous from an injury received from a fall. The Chester family kept themselves alive by hunting, trucking and trapping. The scene is laid in the southern part of Vermont in the late Autumn. Their dwelling was a strong log cabin that had been through many strenuous and barbarous times.

The boys withdrew early and were soon lost in the land of Dreams. Not so with Mr. Chester. He was thinking about the Indians. Had he better keep watch or was the lone cabin safe? He decided for the former.

So, taking down his gun from its perch upon the wall, he concluded to stay awake until midnight, then awaken Sam.

What was that? A stray animal? No, it was a band of Indians! Quickly raising his gun he took aim through the window and fired at a dusky form that was approaching. Did it fall? Yes, but not without a yell and a jump that would have made a bloodhound jealous.

Suddenly from without several more yells were heard, and mingled with these was the panther's cry. Had the panther attacked the Indians? Yes, and killed two and put the rest to flight. So the panther proved a friend, not an enemy. Next morning a dead panther and three dead Indians were found outside the shelter. We will here state that the Indians never molested the Chesters after that.

Freshmen Reception

On Friday evening, October 23rd an informal reception was held in the Assembly hall of the Rutland High School at which the A, B, and C, classes entertained the Freshmen. The grand march which was led by Prof. Thomas and Miss Butler started at 8:30 p. m. with about 250 members of the school in line. Afterwards dancing was enjoyed until about 10:30

The object of the reception was to endeavor to make the newly made High School scholars feel at home in the school family. The good spirit with which the three upper classes entered into their roll as host, could not do otherwise than make the affair an entire success.

F. K. F.

Athletic Notes



On Saturday, Oct. 10, the school team went to Saxtons River with the hopes of winning a victory over the V. A. team and that afternoon they certainly did win a victory over their opponents which the Rutland High has tried to do for many years but which they have not been able to accomplish. This being the first time that Rutland has beaten V. A. in football in many years.

The following Wednesday the School team was scheduled to play at Bristol but on account of there being several cases of infantile paralysis in that town manager Welch cancelled the game.

On Saturday, October 17th, Rutland High was scheduled to play Granville at Rutland but the game also had to be cancelled on account of rain.

On Saturday Oct. 24th, Rutland will meet their old rivals from Burlington and we certainly hope that our team will win as good a victory over the Burlington fellows as they did at Saxtons River.

Alumni Notes

"What and where among the Alumni"

Russell Bates '11 is at home.

Ruth Pratt, '12 is going to Wheaton College.

Molly Pearsons '05 is teaching school in Bellows Falls.

John Lynch '13 has entered Middlebury College.

Atherton Bemis '14 and James McIntyre '14 have entered Rensselaer Polytechnic to take a Electrical Engineering.

Francis Welch '13 is surveying for the Railroad.

Marjorie Smith '13 is at home for the present.

Mable Bunker '13 has a position in Walter Clarks Insurance Office.

Mark Gilbert '13 has a position in the Telegraph Office.

Sylva Robinson Cragin '09 is visiting at the home on her parents of Royce Street.

Raymond Shaw '13 is attending Worcester Polytechnic.

Ellery Purdy '14 is at home for the present.

Robert Anthony '12 is at home.

Louise Reynolds '14 was elected Secretary of her class at Middlebury.

Miriam Cooper '14 is attending the Rutland Business College.

Locals

Mr. Bridges, chem—"What is a watchglass"?
Sher—d (quickly) "A round tube that is oval".

Not so fast Mr. Hassey.

Fox dropped his rattle in A Eng. the other day.

Cran—n C French—"There are some savage flowers".

Don't be afraid Capt.

Roach '16—"The Germans dropped large bums on the city".

Hart—"Have they run out of bombs"?

Who is Anna? Ask Olaf A Eng.

Baird '15 looks like an actor in that suit.

Miss Farr, C. French—"They had a class of rooms". Some Class.

Iona B.—"Say, Blanch! I heard an awful sad thing this morning".

Blan—L.—"So did I—the alarm clock".

The car was hoving into Brandon.

Robins—from "under the robes," is this Center Rutland"?

And the band played all the time.

Miss T. C. French—"Horan you must stop talking".

Star H.—"La bo bien".

At V. A.—

Olaf—"Is there any soup on this bill of fare"?

Nippy—"Not now I wiped it all off".

Miss Hin—was kidnapped on October 8th, the villian it is said goes to R. H. S.

R. Pears—has been swapping 'em again.

Mr. Sweeny, A Eng.—"Ba Ba". You ain't in a pasture Mr. S.

Hitch—k, '17 thinks that sound follows the roads.

Was perfumery the only article made by the Mohammedans? Ask Miss Spen—.

At Class Meet.

"These cards are \$20 for the first 100 and \$5 for the second".

Fox (quickly) "Why not start with the 2nd".

Miss Sher—must quit snoozing in M. M. History.

Miss Dunn can dance the maxixe alright but—
Oh! those repairs.

On that V. A. Trip.

Even a country rube swindled Welch out of \$1

Pears—after eating 15c feed at Bell—Falls
"Gee I feel full".

Apples are now furnished free on Rutland Railroad as far as Bellows Falls.

Chicken Dyer—"Has the car went yet"?
No, nor it aint camed either Mr. D.

Shorty Schmitt, ex. R. H. S. student, went with the crowd, he liked the trip very much.

They even had Bridges in the submarine car to Saxtons River.

Putting up seven on Ewals boards—
Nippy J.—"Give 'em a great big Zero".

By the time Vose got to Chester he didn't know whether he was going or coming.

All Autos had flat tires in B. Falls, its the style.

Pear—, Jones twins in one o'coat.

Ask Nippy J.—what happened to the girl he was dancing with.

Oh—o—o-o-o.

Ques.—"Have we come to the summit yet"?

Deak M.—"Ive been trying to find out for the last half hour but nobody would answer me polite".

Flick and Basco heros they stood on the bridge at midnight.

Notice—Horan has left that there C French class and deep regrets are expressed by the other stars.

We are all wondering who the girl is who lost the pocket book with all the "color" in it.

Tom O'Brien '17 must have some apple orchard to furnish Miss Will—, with the fruit every morn. Pass 'em around Tommy.

Miss Bell says she had rather buy hardware than study History. Wonder why?

Good things come in small packages untie the rope Fox.

Miss Arch—, Am. Hist., claims that the Pilgrims settled Plymouth Rock. Them things don't need settling.

Mr. Thomas—"I want to see the A, B, and C, classes after assembly".

Aldrich (timidly) "I bet he's after that nickel I owe him".

He's not the only one after you Jerry.

Miss Butt—"Horan I assign you to this seat next to Miss Tibb—s.

Sy—King—y—"Some fellas is born lucky".

Olaf is going to take a gram of water and weigh it.

From the T. T. Class.

Drop in the T. T. lunch room any Wednesday afternoon and get a cup of tea. Miss L. serves it.

Who is the class "minister" ask Miss B—be.

R. Peck—looked pretty tired Thursday morning. Miss Ogle is wondering why.

Go to Miss Tully for all the latest magazines.

Miss Lillie is staff artist now she draws anything from a piece of chewing gum to a suffragette.

Miss. P. Am. Hist.—"Has anyone ever been over the road between Lexington and Concord"?

"Big Cy"—"I remember of taking the trip when I was a boy". The old man's got quite a memory at that.

Wanted, one kind hearted man with lots of patience, to teach Mr. Bigel—how to dance the Maxixe.

Mr. Garrish—"Crossman, what is cocoa made from"?

Buns C. "Cocoanut"

Mr. Thomas C. Eng.—Patch read that paragraph if you are awake.

If Bucklyn was sick could Margaret Barrett?

Scholar (translating) "I am a fool".

Teacher—"Correct, please continue".

(Ans. to add put in by H—call, '15) A queen from room four, for sale who can not be fussed with but is very fussie. Please look her up.

In C English—Yes, Todriff need a light on the subject. But, (not a flash light.)

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Exchanges

Since the last issue of the Oread we have received the following exchanges.

The Blue and the Gray, Roland Park, Md.

Granitian, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Coburn Clarion, Waterville, Me.

Concordiensis, Schenectady, N. Y.

The Review, Westboro, Mass.

The Odessaite, Odessa Wash.

Tolo, Seattle, Wash.

The Vermont Cynic, Burlington, Vt.

The Review—We are glad to welcome you among our exchanges. Why not add a few stories to your next issue?

TO THE '18 CLASS

'Fraid o' his shadow.

Racked with suspense.

Embarrassed by high-brows.

So downcast and dense.

Hanging 'round silent.

Mum as a clam.

All pass him, chin up.

No word for the lamb! Ex.

'Liza what fo' you buy dat udder box of shoe blackin'?

G'wan, yo' fool niggah, dat's my massage cream.

Ex.

Mr. Larson, (in Modern History)—A common universal question of today is, "What shall the great war in Europe be called?"

Bright Freshie in back of room—Let it be called, "Off!" Ex.

Old Man—"How long will the next car be?"

Conductor—"I understand they are making them all the same length this year!" Ex.

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THE OREAD



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Published by the Rutland High School, Rutland, Vt.

December, 1914

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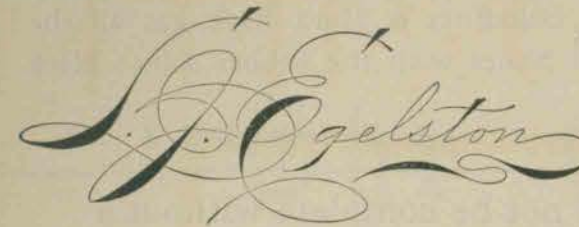
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The Oread

VOL. VIII.

DECEMBER, 1914.

No. 7

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THE OREAD is published monthly during the school year by the students. Subscription price, 75 cents a year. Single copies, 10 cents.

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office at Rutland, Vt., Dec. 13, 1910, under Act of March 3, 1879.



Editorials



Another year has rolled by and Christmas with its message of love and cheer is here again. How thankful should we who live in America be that we can truly say to one another, Peace and Good Will! Let us hope that soon the warring nations will be saying the same words.

While thinking at this time especially of Gifts remember that the public school is a gift to everyone from the state and so take advantage of the opportunities offered to fit yourself well for life and by so doing aid your country, for in the future America will be called upon to solve many difficulties while the nations are recovering from their losses.

The United States is now sending as fast as possible ship loads of food for Europe, and many are giving money and supplies for this good purpose. These ships will indeed be a welcome

Christmas gifts to poor starving refugees of Belgium and France.

As the embargo on commerce had now been lifted to a great extent, American factories that have had to close or cut down their working force will soon be in full working order. America supplies many of the shoes for the armies. One factory received an order for 57,000 tent stoves. Instead of "Made in Germany," the mark will be "Made in America" in the future. This also should be the label for fashions for don't you think that Americans, if they try, can design fashions as well as the French?

What a wonderful gift to the world it would be if Peace was declared on Christmas Day!

Sophmores, the next number is yours. Try to give us some good material.

The Fourth Down

Wellworth College is situated in the town of Mansfield, Ohio. This is one of the small colleges in the Central States. A boy named Penfield Wayne lived in a nearby town of Akron. The boy's father had a good reputation, but was not rich. He wanted to send his son to a seminary in the same city he lived in. But the boy would not be satisfied with anything but going to Wellworth. His father finally gave consent.

Penny, as the boy was called boarded the train at Akron on a bright September morning. He arrived at Mansfield at about 2 p. m. He had a room engaged in a three story house. His room was on the second floor. Penny reported at school on September fifth, the first day of the school year. He soon made friends with many of the boys, among whom were Wallie Moogers "the fat man", Petey Eiderfessel, a German boy, "Wee Willie Winkle," the farmers son, Mark Terwilliger, the man with a "big mouth" and Jarvis "the little man," all between sixteen and nineteen years of age.

In the second week of school there was to be a cap rush. This Penny didn't know anything about. On the day fixed for the cap rush, three boys, all freshmen came thumping up the stairs to Penny's room crying, "Freshmen, freshmen we want freshmen, come out of their Penny. Don't you know their is to be a cap rush this afternoon."

"I won't come out you're sophmores and you want to lick me," answered Penny.

"We aren't sophmores we're freshmen just like yourself," came back from the three boys.

Penny at last was persuaded to open the door to his room. There standing before him were Wallie Moogers, Wee Willie Winkle, and little Jarvis.

The boys went down the stairs and into the street and to the green. While going to the green the sophmores were tauntingly crying.

Sea-a-aread gre-e-en freshmen,

Sea-a-aread gre-e-en freshmen."

Around the pole which was about seventy-feet high and three inches in diameter were gathered

the sophmores, the holders of the cap. The freshmen were to try to get this cap off the pole and carry it to Main street, a distance about one mile. This was to be done in three hours.

The first thing which the freshmen thought of was how they were to get this cap. The boys all had ideas, but Penny's was finally accepted. They were to charge straight through the crowd of sophmores and Wee Willie Winkle was to climb the pole, secure the cap, which was only a piece of leather and throw it to the freshmen. But the plan didn't work and besides the pole was well greased so that no one could climb it. They couldn't tell freshmen from sophmores.

Penny thought of another plan which was to saw away the pole. The freshmen were to blacken their faces with charcoal. This plan didn't succeed as no one could stay long enough at the pole to cut it away.

Again the freshmen retreated and again it was Penny who thought of another idea. Jarvis was to secure a twenty-two calibre rifle and shoot away the cap, and on the opposite side of the pole the freshmen were to stand and receive the cap should it be shot away. This time the plan succeeded as far as shooting away the cap was concerned, but the cap fell into the hands of Arnie Burglum a sophomore. Penny and three others were after him in a minute, but the crowd said, "They can't take it way from him." Penny being right after Arnie's heels leaped forward and brought him down. In a second three other freshmen were after Arnie, but Arnie clung to the cap like grim death. Penny tugged away at the cap and finally got it! There was nothing more to do but carry the cap to Main street, a mile away. This was easy as there was three-quarters of an hour left to play. The freshmen had won!

During the next few weeks the interest of the college was attracted to football. Penny had determined to try for the coveted position of quarter back on the varsity team. In the third week of school there were notices in the corridors of the school reading.

Football practice at 3:15 p. m. this afternoon, all candidates are requested to report.

After dinner that afternoon Penny laid down to rest before reporting to football practice. During this time sophmores being jealous of his success at the cap rush, drugged him just enough to tie his hands and feet to the bed. They were going to make him tell where the cap was or make him stay away from football practice.

Penny woke up and found the clock to be 2.30 p. m. When he discovered that he was tied he said to Skidmore the Sophmore who had been left to watch him, "What's this for?"

"We're going to keep you away from football practice or you're going to tell us where the cardinal cap is," answered Skidmore.

"Well I'm not going to tell you where the cap is," said Penny.

"All right then, stay away from practice," said the sophmore.

Penny in vain tried to loosen himself from the ropes that held him. There was now only one way he could loosen himself was to bite one of the ropes in two. If he only had his hands free he could easily untie the rope that held his feet. But in doing so he attracted the attention of Skidmore.

"Halloo!" he said, I guess I'll look you over and see if you're getting away on me. Well, I declare you've bitten away some ropes, eh! Well, I'll have to tie 'em again."

"No. you won't," said Penny I'll tell you where the cap is. It's in the second boat house on the river."

At three o'clock Mark Terwilliger came to Penny's room. He stopped at the door. Penny answered the rap.

"Halloo, Mark" he said.

"Halloo, Penny" Mark answered, "I came up to walk down to the football field with you to show I could walk down with some one who knows a bit about football.

"Well, then come on," said Penny slamming the door behind him.

J. W. A. '18
(To be continued)

A Thanksgiving in Pennsylvania

The Thanksgiving of New England was confined to that section until the close of the Revolutionary War, after which it spread more or less rapidly, to the Middle States and the West, and last of all to the South. It happened, therefore, that we in Pennsylvania both knew and practised the setting apart of Thanksgiving Days many years before Mr. Lincoln proclaimed the first national Thanksgiving in 1863 in gratitude for the great union victories of that year. In 1864 the national Day as we now have it was established by the same President and the last Thursday in November set as the date, the day which custom has fixed.

Whatever Thanksgiving Day has become in New England, by two hundred and fifty years of formal observance, need not concern us now; no one can doubt that the day set apart by Mr. Lincoln meant to us in Pennsylvania, who had heard the roar of the guns at Gettysburg, a day of REAL thanksgiving for rescue from the destruction of war, and we celebrated it, with full hearts, in religious service and family festivity as the Pilgrims did in 1621. Just how Thanksgiving Day was celebrated in south-eastern Pennsylvania a few years later, when the dread of battle had passed away and the dark and dreadful days of the Civil War were already fading into mere memories, you may care to know or be interested to hear.

In all our observances of the day, as Harriet Beecher Stowe, in Oldtown Folks, tells us was the case in New England, great care was taken that no one should be deprived of his opportunity of going to the Thanksgiving service and of hearing the Thanksgiving sermon. But it was rarely possible for every one to do this in the country, and in our household, all that we made sure of was that the father and mother with the young children should go to church. For that was OUR day of service,

the day on which those who had served us should be served in turn. As soon therefore, as the church goers had disappeared over the hill our busy day began. Of course much had been done in the days before in preparation for the Thanksgiving dinner but much remained to be done in the three or four hours before "they" would be back from church, with appetites doubly sharpened by their long drive and the longer sermon.

I wonder if you know what we had for Thanksgiving dinner in that richest of fertile spots which is the midland between the North and South and has the fruits and creatures of both? Turkey, of course, big young and specially fed; ducks, both domestic and wild; a great chicken pie and roast guinea fowl, flanked by a fine roast pig with an apple in its mouth; and once I remember we had a big possum which we had trapped and fattened, and sometimes grouse and quail. Why should I speak of oysters, of breads and cakes, known only to the cookery of a place settled by English Quakers and German folks? Potatoes, sweet and white, celery fresh from the garden, nuts of four kinds just from the woods, grapes, pears, and apples, fresh and preserved; berries gathered in the season and preserved in various forms for just such occasions; apple-butter, and pies of a half a dozen varieties mighty in size, and baked both for that day and days to follow. And for drinks delicious cider, fragrant tea and aromatic coffee. A dinner to tempt the dyspeptic and fill the hungry! A dinner to dream of and to dream over!

But Thanksgiving Day did not end when dinner was over, for even in the short days of the last of November a good deal of daylight remained after three o'clock. It was, besides, a season of leisure, a resting time between the storing of the autumn crops and the housing of the animals for the winter, something usually done about the middle of December or even as late as Christmas time. The earth was neither iron-bound by frost or white with snow, but everywhere was still the appearance of fall, with no chill in the air and the golden autumn days yet prevailing. No wonder then if, while the older folk talked over the past and took their ease in their own way in-doors, we

younger people hurried out doors after the bountiful dinner and played as long as daylight lasted.

Then as the darkness drew on, when the chores were all done and the guests all gone, we gathered about the crackling fire and the evening lamp in subdued content over the day of pleasure in present comforts and thankfulness for past mercies. And when the night had deepened all around us, and we had closed, with prayer, the day that began with praise we committed ourselves, in rest, to Him in whose hands was the ordering of all our days.

The Fate of an Entrapped Bear

Mr. Wilson and Mr. Jones were close friends living in the forest regions of Maine just north of the Kennebec River. They conducted large farms but were constantly in fear of bears who made frightful attacks on their cattle pens.

Mr. Wilson had a forgetful and reckless boy named Sol, who was a close friend of Mr. Jones' boy, Jim. One day the two men left for the city about twenty miles distant. As they departed they said they would not be back before Thursday.

As it was now Monday Jim decided to stay with Sol until the return of their parents. The boys stayed out unusually late that night and did not retire until nearly midnight.

Early the next morning Jim was awakened by Sol who breathlessly exclaimed. "Old boy, wake up: We're in for it all right. We forgot to lock the cattle pen last night and two of the sheep are gone! Wake up, I say!

Jim answered in surprise, What, those bears again? We will surely set the big trap tonight"

They hunted nearly half the morning for the trap and at last found it in the corner of the cellar where some old barrels had previously hidden it from view. They baited the trap with a sheep's head and then carefully fastened it to a log. That night they finished they're chores early and shortly after retired.

The next morning the boys who had risen early were surprised to find the trap missing. But the log had made a good trail and they decided to follow it. They secured their guns and after assuring Sol's grandmother that they would not get hurt, started to hunt up the trap. They had travelled nearly two miles when they reached a little stream at the foot of a small hill. When they reached the top of the hill they were startled by the sound of howls evidently provoked by anger and pain. Soon they came upon the bear, its back braced against the rock, as it strove to fight off a pack of hungry wolves. The trap clutched the left hind foot of the bear. The pain increased his anger and he fought fiercely and desperately. The boys emptied their guns into the pack and then fled down the hill lest the wolves should see them and take chase. They started for home as it was getting dark and decided to postpone their visit until the next morning.

They set out about nine o'clock the next morning and reached the scene of the fight about half past ten. The boys were horrified at the sight that met their gaze. There on the rock were the clean picked bones of the bear shining out yellow white in the sunlight. The trap still clutched the leg in its awful grasp.

In the woods nearby they found the bodies of two wolves but Whether these wolves had been shot by them or killed by the bear they never knew.

After cleansing the trap in the brook they started home hoping that they would not need to use the trap again. Years passed but the cattle pens were never visited by bears again.

W. R. '18

A Narrow Escape

One fine summers day in May 1902, the time when nearly every one is making use of their fish pole, something happened which is often repeated.

On the bank of the White River, which we would consider good size, in the little town of West Hartford stood a small cottage. Around it

on this particular day were scattered shovels, cans, fish poles, and numerous other articles one would expect to see, after two boys whose names were Leslie and Harold, had started out expecting to return with a string of fish.

At one side of the cottage there was a hammock hanging, in which was a girl of four years. My mother being very busy had placed me there with books and toys, thinking that possibly I would amuse myself, for at least a few minutes.

I think perhaps I did stay there for a few minutes but not long. Seeing my two brothers fishing on the bank I decided they couldn't possibly mind if I just went over to watch them.

Taking a little pail I marched off to join my brothers. Very strange to say they quickly descended the bank, hoping in this way I might not see them, and would return home, but knowing they must be there somewhere I decided to stay.

Soon becoming weary of waiting for me to go away they came from their hiding place, and called, "Buz go home quick! If you'll run home now we'll bring you a nice, big fish, but remember if you don't you can't have a bit, not even a little taste and besides, we'll tell Papa when he comes home." They thought this would surely have effect as Papa's pennies were quite an anticipated pleasure, when I had been a good girl.

But not even for this would I go back to the house. This was the answer to all, "Ise going to see you catch a big fish."

Harold the younger of my two brothers called out, "All right, but I don't love you any more," and went on with his fishing, while I stood on the bank watching, when all of a sudden—Splash!

I had been looking into the water too long, had become dizzy and fallen into the River. The one who said he did not love me was the first to shout "Help," throw his pole, coat and jump in after me. The current was somewhat strong and was slowly taking me down the stream. I went under the water for the last time, when my brother who could barely, dog paddle reached me.

I was very much at ease now, and said as best I could, "Harold-will-get-me-out, its-cold"! Then

I climbed upon his back and hung on to his suspenders, so tight that it was impossible for him to do very much but keep our heads above water.

After drifting down stream for a short distance, my older brother, Leslie, who could not swim or "dog paddle" had waded out and after some difficulty succeeded in getting us to a large rock.

By this time all the people in the neighborhood, amongst whom was my mother were flying around in an attempt to reach me. But it was my two brothers who took me to the foot of the bank.

I did not remember anything more until I saw my family all standing around me but I am told I was taken home unconscious, rolled and worked over for a short time before coming to my senses.

As for catching fish I was the only one caught.

R. E. D.

An Ingenious Streak

THE events I am about to relate occurred away back in '97, during my sophomore year in Silvertown High School. Life had gone on with but few minor conflicts between the lower classmen during the first two weeks of school life, and the Freshmen, very fresh as Freshmen go, had begun to think the Sophomores a "dead bunch" and hadn't been slow in expressing themselves to that effect. One day, however, a stag party was announced for the next evening, Friday—and it was understood that everyone was to attend. That very day a placard, announcing a meeting of the Sophomore class was placed on the bulletin board. At the meeting, class officers were elected and a committee was appointed to attend to the plans of the Freshies' hazing, which had been unanimously decided to be completed the next evening. I, unluckily, was chosen chairman of the committee.

The work of this committee, in brief, consisted in buying about three hundred feet of half-inch rope, four dark lanterns and several flash lights.

The same evening, all the Sophomore boys met, and each one gave his solemn promise to be on duty the next night. Then they spread over the city in

various directions. I with about three others found a galvanized steel tank in a hardware dealer's back yard. We picked it up but couldn't carry it as it was bulky, measuring about ten feet in length, four feet in width and three feet in depth. So we gave certain prearranged signals, and in about five minutes eight other boys joined us. With their assistance we carried it to the school building. Now the question was, how to get it to the top of the building and get there before morning.

We tried all the doors but they were all locked. Presently, I saw a faint light issuing from underneath the curtain in one of the rooms. After throwing several pebbles against the window, it was suddenly thrown open and the janitor, an old friend of mine, asked what was wanted. I calmly told him that I had forgotten to take home a certain book which I "just had to have," which, by the way was really true. Without very much ado, he came and opened the door and left it open. I feigned going into the assembly hall for the book, but instead I picked up a rope (previously placed there by the committee) lying near the exit door and then stealthily tip-toed my way upstairs. With the aid of a flash light, I found the door leading to the garret. I lighted my way up the narrow stairway and found a trap-door leading to the roof.

With some difficulty I managed to force it open and then walked to the edge of the roof. Giving a signal, I lowered one end of the rope and knotted the other end securely around the flag pole. My companions below tied the rope about the tank and then one by one they clambered up onto the roof. Some of the other Sophs had come by this time and with their aid we drew the tank up to the roof. We quickly filled it to the brim with water from a faucet, on the roof put there in case of a roof-fire.

Some of the other boys had brought a few pieces of scantlings, a pulley, a hammer and some nails. A powerful crane-like structure was quickly constructed and placed off the edge of the roof. It was made with a swivel and the pulley was attached to the end of the crane. Our preparations were now completed, so we slid down the rope to the ground. We jerked the rope loose and carried it

to the hall where the party was to be held. Here we carefully hid it underneath an upturned barrel. As we slipped away for home and bed, the town clock struck the hour of two. None of the Sophomore boys knew their lessons that day.

That evening at about seven o'clock all the Sophomore boys were on hand at the hall. It was arranged that four boys should loiter about the entrance and that the rest should stand ready, with the ropes, in some bushes farther back.

At about 7.30 the unsuspecting Freshies began to arrive and as they came, singly, in couples, in trios, or quartets they were mercilessly collared, gagged, tied hand and foot and thrown upon their backs on the lawn—not one escaped.

Having siezed about fifty, we left six men on guard to catch any stragglers, if there should happen to be any, and with this army we marched to the school house, giving the feet of our captives some liberty, so they could take six inch steps. The doors of the school were opened, this being a festival night, and up and down the halls we marched the Freshies, until we had them all in one room: We locked the door and shut off the light and then retied their feet and placed them side by side on their backs.

Then an alternate half hour guard of three was detailed, so that in case of mutiny our entire force could be called in. We then returned as a body to the party and joined in the festivities. Some of the professors marked the absence of all the Freshmen and their glances at us spoke of their suspicions as to the cause of it; while others unwittingly expressed their sincere regret at the Freshmen not having availed themselves of this social function as a means to get acquainted. We forebore explanations throughout.

In the eleventh hour, we started back for the school. Silently, we entered and when we came in front of the door of the dungeon, we gave our locomotive class yell in the most ear-splitting manner. Then we quietly entered the room and blindfolded our prisoners with pieces of black cambric previously provided. Then we marched them forward upstairs, up the narrow stairway, into the garret and out on to the roof.

Two Sophs now took a Freshie between them and carried him to the edge of the roof, near the crane. A rope was then attached to his feet and up around his shoulders and then up through the pulley; the end was held by several sophomore boys. The Freshie was now lifted by the two who had carried him, the blindfold jerked from his eyes and a lantern swung before him showing him the edge of the roof. At the same moment he was bodily thrown down into the abyss. He dropped about ten feet, when the rope attached to his feet and shoulders was drawn taut and he was hoisted back, the swivel turned, the rope released and down into the tank full of water the poor kid fell. He was immediately withdrawn, the swivel again turned, and the Freshie lowered over the edge of the roof down, down, down to the ground, where a bunch of ten Sophs were waiting. They untied him and told him to "go home to Mother." In that barbaric fashion every mother's son of these Freshmen was treated.

Thus ended the hazing of the members of the class of 1901.

The Play

The Play this year was again, as last year, an experiment in comedy of a higher and more difficult class and again the result justified the experiment. The preparation and training were also a departure from the method of former years which demanded almost all the work to be done in evening rehearsals. Assuming that the training involved in the preparation of a play for presentation is legitimate School work, the evening rehearsals were reduced to one, the rest of the drilling and rehearsing having almost all been done in school time.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the faithful and diligent work of both trainers and trained. Until the lines were learned and the proper stress upon them made familiar, the work was entirely in the hands of Miss Newton, who then invited Mr. Gilson, Mrs. Hodsdon, and Mr. Kingsley to assist

her in the staging. They, with customary generosity, gave of their time and experience until the curtain fell and the lights were out, putting the school, again, under great obligation to them.

And satisfaction came to all concerned in the play, to their friends and to the school when the curtain lifted upon Ada reading her beloved Shakespeare, and upon her pooh-poohing father, the pompous but doting Simon. Then the facile David was ushered in by the stately Thomas and we heard more of the plot, further complicated by the "horsey" Chivey who had one eye—if not two—upon his cousin's fortune. Before the end of the first act the dinner party, made up of Simon's old time friends, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. Brown, who had "so quiet an evening," Araminta, the poetess, stuttering Mr. Jones, and the masterly inactive servants, were all upon the stage. Ada had run out in confusion only to come in "dressed like a Duchess" to receive the unexpected guest befittingly and the whole plot was before us, to be worked out in the swift second act and the quiet and beautiful third, in which the courteous George appears.

And who that saw it could easily forget how well it was done and how much beauty the costumes of a by-gone time added to the fresh, young figures of the twentieth century? Chivey's gay red coat and Simon's well-filled-out rotundity, Mrs. Smith's well-draped slenderness and Araminta's full-blown, roomy skirts, all meant to fill the eye and please the taste, will be as long remembered as the mimicking hiccough of David, the pleading and distressed tones of Ada and the soothing tenderness of Simon. Fond parents, admiring friends and applauding students joined in their appreciation of the fine presentation of David Garrick by the Class of nineteen hundred fifteen.

X

WALKING TOURS

To be properly enjoyed, a walking tour should be gone upon alone. If you go in a company or even in pairs, it is no longer a walking tour in anything but a name; it is something else and more in the nature of a picnic. A walking tour

should be gone upon alone, because freedom is of the essence; because you should be able to stop and go on and follow this way or that, as the freak takes you; and because you must have your own pace, and neither trot alongside a champion walker, nor mince in time with a girl. And then you must be open to all impressions and let your thoughts take color from what you see. You should be as a fife for any wind to play upon. "I cannot see the wit," says Hazlitt, of walking and talking at the same time. When I am in the country I wish to vegetate like the country"—which is the gist of all that can be said upon the matter. There should be no cackle of voices at your elbow, to jar upon the meditative silence of the morning. And so long as a man is reasoning he cannot surrender himself to that fine intoxication that comes of much motion in the open air, that begins a sort of dazzle and sluggishness of the brain, and ends in a peace that passes comprehension.

R. L. STEVENSON, 1850-1894

THE MOTORIST

Under a great black touring car
The motor driver sprawls.
A great and mighty man is he,
Yet like a worm he crawls;
And first looks at the spark plug
Then at the chain he hauls.

He's covered o'er with grim and dirt,
His face is like tan,
His brow still wet with oil and sweat,
He does what'er he can;
And tinkers with most everything
A very desperate man.

The children coming home from school,
Look at him on the ground;
They love to see him sprawling there,
They love to hear him pound;
And then at last they see him rise,
And then the wheels go round.

Many thanks to the my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou has taught!
Thus at the touring car of life
Our fortunes are all wrought
We have to do much tinkering,
Though of a different sort.

Athletic Notes

FOOTBALL REVIEW

Everything considered the Varsity team has had a very successful season this year.

To start the season Coach Bridges had a very large squad to pick from, but before long a few of them dropped off. Finally Coach Bridges picked a team for the Rutland High School representative on the interscholastic gridiron this year, which proved to be the fastest eleven in the northern part of Vermont.

Oct. 3. The "eleven" played their first game with the Troy Conference Academy team from Poultney. Although the Rutland High was defeated by the score of 7 to 0 they played a better game after the first three minutes of play than their adversaries. This game gave the High School supporters great confidence in the team.

Oct. 10th. The eleven played their second game against Vermont Academy at Saxtons River. The team went against Vt. Academy with a determination to beat their old gridiron opponents. They brought a victory home with them to the tune of 12 to 6. This is the first time in a number of years that Rutland has beaten V. A.

The team was scheduled to play Bristol on Oct. 14th but the game was cancelled on account of the prevalence of infantile paralysis in Bristol.

Saturday, Oct. 17th. A game was scheduled with Granville High School but this game also had to be cancelled on account of rain.

Oct. 24th. Rutland played Burlington. This game was a walk over for Rutland the final score was 19 to 0 in Rutland's favor.

Oct. 28th. A game scheduled with Bristol had to be cancelled.

Oct 31st. The R. H. S. team played Whitcomb High School team and won their third game by a score of 21 to 6.

In this game and to the end of the season the team was crippled by the loss of Sullivan and Hyland.

Nov. 7th. The team went to Burlington where they were defeated by the score of 10 to 7. The team played excellent ball and in the last quarter carried the ball to the Burlington 3 yard line where thru a little ill luck and hard playing on Burlington's part they lost the ball on downs. For the next three minutes the boys seemed tired out and Burlington carried the ball the whole length of the field by line plunging and two forward passes for their winning touch down.

Nov. 11th. The eleven played Middlebury H. S. though the game ended without scoring by either team the ball was in Middlebury territory most of the time.

Nov. 14th. The High School played an extra game with the Center Rutland Athletic Association. The game ended with a 25-0 victory for the C. R. A. A., but the High School Team played excellent ball against their older opponents and their defeat was no discredit to them. Captain Homer was unable to play in this game on account of illness.

Nov. 18th. The eleven played their second game with the Middlebury eleven. This game resulted in a Victory for the Rutland High. Though they beat Middlebury by the comparatively small score of 7-0 they played a better game throughout.

Nov. 21. The last game scheduled was with Troy Conference Academy but had to be cancelled on account of the large fall of snow Friday Nov. 20.

SUMMARY

Out of eight games the Rutland High School team lost but two games to other school teams and one game to an Athletic Association.

Oct. 3rd.	T. C. A.	7	Rutland	0
" 10th.	V. A.	6	"	12
" 24th.	Burlington	0	"	19
" 31st.	W. H. S.	0	"	21
Nov. 7th.	Burlington	10	"	7
" 11th.	Mid. H. S.	0	"	0
" 14th.	C. R. A. C.	25	"	0
" 18th.	Mid. H. S.	0	"	7

The Manager and Coach together with the Editors of the Oread hope that the entire school will show the "proper spirit" toward the team which has worked so hard for the honor of old Rutland High this season of 1914.

Account of Rutland High School Athletic Association from March 1913 to Nov. 25, 1914.

RECEIPTS 1913

March 21.	Membership Fees.....	\$ 42.70
May 16 and 17.	Net receipts of Fair.....	344.89
June 17.	Balance from Baseball.....	7.82
July 7.	City of Rutland, Coach Ex.....	7.42
Oct. 9.	Membership Fees.....	47.00
Dec. 4.	City of Rutland, Coach Ex.....	7.50

1914

May 15.	Net receipts from farces.....	11.75
May 25.	Net receipts from Fair.....	244.30
June 5.	City of Rutland, Coach Ex.....	8.85
Oct. 23.	Membership Fees.....	45.50
Nov. 18.	Borrowed of Mr. Thomas.....	12.15
		\$779.88

EXPENDITURES 1913

Baseball Season.....	\$258.13
Track Season.....	14.75
Football Season.....	164.97

1914

Hockey Team.....	5.60
April 15. Glee Club Music.....	7.70
Baseball and Track.....	273.08
Football.....	57.65
	779.88



From a Freshmen.

Mary had a little lamp,
It was well trained no doubt;
Cause every time that John came in
That little lamp went out.
C. Olney, '18

Parson—"Do you know where boys go when they smoke?"

Freshman—"Yes, up the alley.

Ask Stub Sher—how he lost 10 ducats in the lab the other day.

Nippy's been so near the red Mackinaw that his hair is turning the same color. (On one side)

Miss Butt—D. Eng.—"It was some 65 years ago when I was in College."

Post Grad—I've got the hair.

Mr. T. A. Eng.—"Homer who died in the 15th Century?"

And Olaf started to name 'em all.

Mr. Bigelow, French—"All my pencils are lost and all my apples are bad." Times is hard ain't they?

At a Masquerade the other night the doorman told Roberts to take off his mask, he said, he didn't have any on.

Then the violinists all took their oars and began to play—"Last night at the Yiddish Jubilee."

After the smoke cleared away some one yelled—"I cut two cars off at Manchester" and we all went home.

Chorus of Chem. Stars—"Where's the wood burning?"

Fox had his head too near the steam pipes.

Miss Locke '17 (dramatically) "The bullets were whistling thru my forehead."

Oh! quit your kiddin.

Mr. T.—Eng. Jones—"Would you call a cow path an agricultural line?"

Jones (Weakly) "I don't know."

Stub Sher—trying to talk French—"Je portars une petite amie."

Miss Mel—"No you didn't carry her." All eyes were turned on Miss D—nn.

M. M. Hist—"Is fishing an occupation in Germany at the present time."

Fox (eagerly) "Yes, for bombs."

Another medal Willie.

Ask Bob P. how he got them two bumps on his bean.

Miss J—C French—"Bigelow; Where are you?" Big—(bobbing up) "here I am"

French Talk.

Miss Mc—Pensez vous cela aussie?"

McGarry—"I don't know what I am thinking of"

No, nor anyone else Tom.

Miss C—A French—

"Since my first day of marriage"

An' she was going to be a suffragette.

German speakings.

O'Brien (translating)—"The king rode in the carriage with six horses."

We pity the horses.

Pease (ditto)—"I am awakened."

You'd better take another year of science old man.

Peck (")—"Das tägliche Fluszbad"

"The daily foot bath"

Come in boys the waters fine.

In Eng. Hist. "Bal—win, did anyone help you with this map?"

Chic the Fresh. "Nope James did it all himself."

We have begun to think that Hunt '18 likes to work about as hard as a sun dial on a rainy day.

A Joke—

"I am not going with Bob any more"

Miss N—C Latin—

"Now Miss Will—if you will be quiet and speak so I can hear you."

Your looking pretty noisy Miss W.

Miss T. 2nd German—"Peck sit up and take your finger out af your mouth."

Jessie C—"Do you love art for art's sake?"

Miss Spen—"I beg your pardon, but his name is Arthur."

Miss Mel—A French—"What is turn to the left?"

Miss Clar—"Tournez a gosh."

Another of Miss C's—"Je le tira a part"—"I pulled him apart"

Have a heart.

A Eng.—Roberts, reading—"Fergusons features resemble George Washington and he was taken into custody."

Mr. T. Wha' da ya mean?"

Rob—"His features were taken into custody." Fine business.

Common expression—"I'll match ya five"

Miss Pur—(Science) "A sign of rain is when dogs eat cats"

Hunt (low) "Ya got to show me."

Receipt for removing paint—Sit down on it before its dry.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said
As he stubbed his toe against the bed
! ! ? ? ! — ? ? ! ? ! ! ?

Freshmen (confidently) "I have a great ear for music."

Miss Colvin—"Oh, is that what they're for, I knew they were tremendously big flaps but I couldn't imagine any use for them after fly time."

Chem—Mr. Bridges—"What is a molecule?"
Fred Jon—"A congregation of atoms."
Why not an assembly Mr. J.?

At Middlebury—

Waiter—"Well, how did you find the beef.?"

Olaf—"Oh! I happened to shift the potato, and—well, there it was."

Deak M—The train must have went (them ft. ball fellers never say gone) by.

In chem—"What is H. O.?"

Welch—"Oat Meal"

"Hello! Mary what did you think of the play?"

M. P.—"Great, we expected the police to raid it every minute."

"He remained silent for ten days."

Miss Nel—"Just think of that Miss Bucklin"

From a Senior

Football's a game for eleven,

Baseball's a game for nine,

Hockey, a game for seven,

But, fussions the game for mine-

Has. '15

We are all wondering if Loroque is still shaking that test tube.

Ques—"What is this?"

Knapp (actor) "Grafting paper."

Speck went into a restaurant at Middlebury and when the waiter gave him the bill of fare, said; "Thank you, I never read before meals."

Ques. in History—"What was it the people ate?"

Daly—"Beg pardon did you say lemon phosphate?"

Poor George will he ever leave that soft drink stand.

ON ACCOUNT OF THE WAR

—A lot of students will soon be bachelors.

—Max Tomp. can't get his new fall suit.

—Bob Pear—can not go down on Park Ave. any more.

—Bobbs B. is going to get a new man.

—Pork Flynn will hold them baseball meetings on his back stoop.

—George Dal. is going to work his own Algebra.

—Mutt Healy is going to learn the difference between razors and soap.

THE CRAWFORD SHOE

In the stylish long pointed toe, that HIGH SCHOOL fellows want

Nichols & Barney

WHAT PROFESSION ARE YOU CHOOSING?

If it is either MEDICINE, DENTISTRY, PHARMACY or CHEMISTRY, do not fail to learn the advantages of

The Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia

It is in the City which has been and still is the American Center of Education in these Sciences. It has Departments of and grants degrees in all four of them. It has its own Buildings, comprisings well-planned and well-equipped Laboratories, a large and model Hospital, and the finest clinical Amphitheatre extant. Its courses in each department are carefully graded. It has abundant and varied Clinical Material. Its faculties are renowned and of high pedagogic ability. Its Training is essential and thoroughly practical.

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"The Concordiensis," Schenectady, N. Y.

"The Daleville Leader," Daleville, Va.

"The Herald," Holyoke, Mass.

"The High School Recorder," Saratoga Springs, New York.

"The Konah," Missoula, Mont.,

"Lemon and Black," Front Royal, Va.

"Lyndon Aggie," Lyndon Center, Vt.

"Odessaite," Odessa, Wash.

"Olympus," Olympia, Wash.

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